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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTICE.—This number contains the first of a series of three articles on Military Education, which deal with the following points: (1) *The True Objective*; (2) *The Breakdown of the Present System*; (3) *The Right Line*.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Probably Mr. Asquith has added not a little to his own personal comfort. With a too strict sense of loyalty to party he has tried for nearly two years to soothe a party, divided on essential points, into at least a semblance of unity. As his reward he has been branded as a schismatic by his titular leader. His confession of faith, made at the complimentary dinner given to some unsuccessful candidates of Essex divisions, has atoned for the period of loyal suppression. He subscribes to the three cardinal articles: that the war was forced upon the Government, that it had been carried on humanely, that annexation is necessary. He further paid a high tribute to the humanity of his friend Lord Milner, which to their disgrace the vitriolic attacks of certain Liberals had made necessary. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman who has been in solution for so long has in the end precipitated the wrong doctrine. But in spite of this unexpected result he has produced from others the right doctrine for the future of the Liberal party. It has now at least the foundation of a definite conviction. Soon it will even have a leader. To the present leader this much gratitude is due that his incompetence has been bad enough to bring its own reward.

This question of humanity was selected by the House of Commons as the occasion for the display of more political vehemence than has been seen for a year. Mr. Brodrick chose to re-expose to public view Mr. Bryn Roberts' unpatriotic misrepresentations about the mutiny of soldiers in Africa. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman selected this peculiarly inopportune moment to jump off the fence, on which for the first time it was his duty to sit. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ellis spoil the glory of their sentimental excesses by exposing political animus at the very moment when they boasted to be divinely aloof. The result was that the Imperialist Liberals under the leading of Mr. Haldane proclaimed their isolation from their party. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey walked out and about fifty Liberals abstained from voting. The way in which the motion was put and the lines of the discus-

sion left them no chance to do otherwise; but the House of Commons lost much reputation and dignity when it spoiled the opportunity for strong co-operation in the cause of humanity by petulant outbreaks of political bad temper.

Miss Hobhouse's report on the refugee camps, which was unfortunately published after Mr. Lloyd George's motion of adjournment, may be accepted as proof that the death-rate in the refugee camps was higher than it ought to be, even in the view of those who do not commit the mistake, common to professional sentimentalists, of applying the formulæ of peace to solve the problems of war. The average death-rate in the Transvaal camps was 120 per thousand. To give Mr. Lloyd George's standard of comparison—on the whole a fair one—the fine drawn troops who experienced an epidemic of enteric on reaching Bloemfontein lost only 52 in a thousand. The excess of the mortality in the camps was chiefly due to the number of children, for whom no doubt the procurable food was often peculiarly unsuited. Of the 336 deaths in a month no less than 226 were of children. It was the duty of the House of Commons to discuss the cause of this misfortune, and, since the gathering of families in these camps was made by the Boers themselves a political necessity, sanely to discuss means of bettering their condition. Mr. Brodrick's statement that decentralisation is in progress, that those of the families who have friends or money are taking advantage of the leave to go elsewhere, gives assurance that at any rate the prime evil of overcrowding has found a remedy.

It is not easy to gather from the meagre and conflicting reports in the papers exactly what took place at the pro-Boer meeting in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday. Mr. Labouchere, with a Union Jack, captured from the patriots of the Stock Exchange, "torn but flying" in his hand, and plastering Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner with "Judas" and "penny-a-liner," was probably quite satisfied. But we doubt whether anybody else was, for the confusion of the assembly was mental as well as physical. The chairman was careful to say nothing about "independence" in his speech: indeed, he invited the Boers to "enter the area of the British Empire" on the same terms as Canadians and Australians, a proposition the most loyal might agree to. This did not please Mr. Sauer, whose peroration was that "the Republics must be allowed to retain their independence". Mr. Lloyd George imitated Mr. Labouchere's prudence, and stuck to the "women and children" argument. But a gentleman from Battersea unexpectedly amended Mr. Lloyd

George by proposing that terms "shall include the complete independence of the two Republics", which was carried by "acclamation". Even the "stewards", we believe, were disappointed by the trifling amount of "bashing" in which they were able to indulge.

"Vengeance is a dish which is best eaten cold", according to the French proverb, and with grim and leisurely gust Mr. Cecil Rhodes is enjoying his repast at the expense of the Cape Colony, which rejected him, the corner-stone, at the last election. There is humour as well as truth in what Mr. Rhodes said at the Bulawayo meeting. Next to the conquered republics, the Cape Colony has lost most by the war, and through its own fault. "The only State which he was sorry for was Cape Colony", so runs the report of the ex-Premier's speech at Bulawayo: "Lord Milner had gone to Pretoria, and Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson was dealing with the scab and bubonic plague. It was a great change for the mother State, but it was its own fault". After describing the encouragement given by the Afrikaner Bond to Mr. Kruger, and the refusal of the Colony to follow its leaders in their timorous treason, Mr. Rhodes went on, "Their political leader, Mr. Hofmeyr, was taking warm baths at Ems". Five years ago the Bond had Mr. Rhodes upon the ground, and now that the wheel of fortune has reversed the position, Mr. Rhodes would be more than human if he did not have his tit-for-tat with Mr. Hofmeyr.

It is quite true that the sceptre of power and wealth has passed for ever from the hands of the Cape Colony, which will relapse into its former slough of despond, thanks to the feeble fanaticism of the Bond leaders. The centre of political gravity has been shifted to the Transvaal, where the wealth already was, and, as Mr. Rhodes says, "the whole revenue of the Colony was dependent on the railways, and the whole situation was in the hands of the northern States". We fancy that the Cape Colonists will be a little restive under the pity of Mr. Rhodes—"he was afraid that his poor old State was coming out worst"—but if they are wise they will renounce political ambition, and take seriously to farming and grape-growing. We hope that Mr. Rhodes is right in his prophecy that within four years the federation of the various States of South Africa will be consummated, though we cannot agree with him that it is "nonsense to talk of self-government for the Transvaal and Orange River Colony before federation was accomplished". Federation is a matter of bargaining, and always takes a long time: autonomy need not of necessity wait on it.

The diary of Mr. Kretschmar, which is among the papers published as an addendum to the Transvaal Concessions Report, deserves to rank for naive villainy with Pepys' confessions to himself. The steady development of the conspiracy in the Transvaal is proved to the hilt in this historic document, for Mr. Kretschmar was in close familiarity with the authorities in Pretoria. "The fall of England shall be the crown of the end of the nineteenth century", he wrote in September 1899, and again in the same passage applauded himself for a former prophecy of the collapse of English supremacy. About the same date he confided to the confidential pages of this diary his knowledge that an ultimatum, as insolent as the later one, was in preparation. Indeed the diary piles up proof, as if on purpose, of the persistent malevolence of the Boer Government. Selections from it would make an excellent pamphlet for foreign consumption.

It is quite natural that the German shareholders in the Netherlands Railway should shout their loudest in order to get compensation out of Great Britain for the forfeiture of their concession. It is probable that the German Government will do more diplomatically to protect the pockets of its citizens than Lord Salisbury did in the case of the Delagoa Bay Railway, where he allowed the Portuguese Government to rob the British shareholders of everything. But shareholders invariably have to suffer for the folly of their directors and officials, and there is no doubt that the Dutch directors deliberately connived at the belligerent acts of the

officials on the spot. Let the shareholders recover damages against their directors for having acted *ultra vires*; but the impudence of some of the claims against our Government can best be gauged by the proceedings of Mr. Milvain's compensation commission. A goods clerk on the Netherlands Railway claims £1,000, of which £300 is for "hardships endured during the voyage" on the "Arundel Castle"! No doubt this Swedish artisan did not have a state-room to himself: but what next?

The period of "regrettable incidents", it would seem, is not yet past. On 12 June to the south of Middelburg a detachment of 250 Victorian mounted troops were completely surprised, apparently through mere carelessness, by a superior party of Boers. Only two officers and fifty men succeeded in escaping to General Beatson's camp; two officers and sixteen men were killed, four officers and thirty-eight men wounded, and the rest captured. Two pom-poms were also lost. On the same day came news of a severe defeat inflicted on De Wet. He lost at least seventeen killed, forty-five prisoners were taken as well as much stock and ammunition. In Cape Colony Kruitzing, who has amused himself by again announcing the annexation of parts of the Colony, has been "severely hustled", a phrase which would seem to indicate that he is still moving south with comparative impunity; but it is said that he has less than three hundred men with him. Throughout the country the process of attrition continues. General Bruce Hamilton has effectually cleared the country round Fauresmith, capturing as usual many thousand unfortunate sheep, which are perhaps used to the experience. Another clearing movement is proceeding in the Thaba Nchu neighbourhood. Further information reveals that Reuter's telegram last week giving the defeat of Beyer's commando was inaccurate in detail and names but founded on fact.

It is not easy to conceive a less inspiring subject than political wirepulling, and we should think an audience of political agents must be as little stimulative of high effort as any; yet Mr. Balfour succeeded in making the Conservative agents' dinner on Wednesday the occasion for a really fine speech. He did it by getting away as rapidly as he could from all that specifically concerns the political agent. There are many functions which must be performed but it is not necessary to dwell upon them. Wire-pulling must be treated strictly as business, paid for, and left there. You must have political agents, you must have a hangman, but there the necessity ends; it does not extend to devoting a speech to the trade of either. So Mr. Balfour quickly escaped from politics in the American sense to politics in the English sense, and put Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, and others in their right places. We say "right" places advisedly; for he did not at all put them in the same place. Mr. Morley was a good man struggling with an honest mistake, but Sir Henry a feeble person who lacked the courage to do the wicked thing he was always hankering after. Well, he has done it now, calumniating his country without restraint at the bidding of party circumstances. Still even Sir Henry does not make us worse than our forefathers. Holland House was terribly downcast at the news of the battle of Waterloo.

In his speech at the Elbe Regatta the German Emperor was again singularly happy in associating his political ambitions with local sentiment. He has never more definitely and appropriately stated his convictions that the hopes of Germany lie over the sea, "in the sunshine". He found hopes for the world's peace and German prosperity in the late events in China; he looked to acquaintance with commercial colonies to cleanse the German mind of its bureaucratic littleness and he welcomed anything from a yacht to a man-of-war as the appropriate home of the new German. The policy he cleverly described as an extension of the old Hansas, those commercial unions of people and towns which brought success to German trade as early as the fourteenth century. All the Hanseatic towns, even Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck, which alone keep the title, lost the last of their commercial unity in the Thirty

Years War, but the name served as an apt excuse specially to associate the district and the Hamburg-American ship on which the Kaiser was speaking with the new policy and, in spite of its metaphorical quaintness, to give local popularity to the "Hoch to yachting and the Hanseatic spirit".

The four Powers have again rejected the request of Crete to be incorporated with Greece. A similar request was so made and so rejected about four months ago, and however much sympathy may be felt for the Christians in Crete in their enthusiasm for Greek nationality it is clear that for the present the Powers were unable to make any other answer. Prince George was naturally moved both by patriotic and philanthropic promptings to foster the Philhellene sentiment in Crete, but his zeal and this campaign are premature. To some extent the Powers are pledged to Turkey to maintain the present condition until her agreement to some alteration of the scheme of things is given or extracted. There is at the moment a ferment along the Western borders of the Turkish Empire and it is impossible to prophesy when "the sick man of Europe" may take a turn for the worse. But change is certain and circumstances, if not the action of the Sultan, must soon upset the present artificial balance. A feature of the reconstruction will probably be the incorporation of Crete with Greece, but the time is not yet. The Cretans have no immediate grievance and the only hope for the peace of the future is that the intricacy of this arrangement and relation of the near Eastern countries should be simplified slowly as the several difficulties arise. Their friends will advise the Cretans to wait on events.

The birth of a daughter instead of a son to the reigning monarch has caused even more disappointment in Russia than in Italy. As in the case of Italy an heir was considered needful for the stability of the throne, so in Russia a son was earnestly desired to strengthen the prevailing policy. The law in its wisdom—against our experience of the teaching of history—does not allow a Queen to succeed in either Italy or Russia, but it is beyond the logic of all but theoretical politicians to show why a monarch's son should make a better successor than a monarch's brother. Yet there is something like lamentation in Russia at the birth of the poor little Princess Anastasia and it is said in France that the absence of a son is a "standing menace to the Franco-Russian alliance". But to explain why this is so and why anyone thinks this is so is beyond the scope of syllogism.

The best news from India is that the monsoon has commenced in good time. Its approach was heralded from Ceylon some weeks ago and it has now broken in due course at Bombay. These annual rains are always the determining factor of the Indian agricultural year. On them the prosperity of the country turns. They possess a special importance just now, for the famine is still lingering in the Western and Southern districts. By the last returns nearly half a million of persons were receiving State support. It will now devolve on the Government to make a fresh and earnest effort to close this chapter of the famine chronicles. The evils arising from undue prolongation of famine relief are scarcely less than the consequences of the famine itself. Meanwhile the Famine Commission has completed its inquiries and its report is now before the Indian Government. When the history of the famine is made public it will be found that certain of the Native States show up badly. The relief measures of the Bombay Government have been conspicuously successful but it will probably be seen that the revenue system of the Presidency has received some adverse criticism from the Commission.

England France and Belgium are all engaged in discussing old-age pensions in some form. The House of Commons has passed the Friendly Societies Bill, a very necessary reform in the Poor Law. Previously boards of guardians were able only to vote allowances for the absolutely destitute, so that the man who had ensured for himself some few shillings a week in old

age was refused assistance and very likely, thanks entirely to his thrift, left poorer than the destitute spendthrift who was granted outdoor relief. In future any sum up to five shillings a week received from a friendly society is not to be taken into account by guardians. The importance of the Bill, as Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out, is that it is the beginning of bigger things. It has broken down the distinction between the destitute and non-destitute and logically acknowledged the principle of old-age pensions. But we are moving too slowly to the logical conclusion, just as in France under the giant scheme of M. Cailloux they are moving too fast. In spite of his gorgeous promises and plausible arithmetic England will possibly yet reach the desired end first. It is Mr. Chamberlain's duty to see to this.

The London County Council on Tuesday failed to see the necessity to proclaim itself unequal to the dignity the Government Education Bill would thrust upon it. The Progressives were certainly in a very unhappy position. They did not want to proclaim their own incompetence and belittle the Council, neither did they want to support a mainly Conservative Government: and they did not quite like openly to acquiesce in the extinction of the School Board Progressives. So they threw out an amendment to the Parliamentary Committee's report in favour of the School Board as against the Council, but they have not yet declared in favour of the Bill. The Committee's plan is to support the Bill so far as it glorifies the Council, saving their Progressive face by severely condemning sundry of its particular provisions. The debate was very amusing. County Councillors can afford to take the Bill humorously, seeing that it cannot hurt them either way. Not so the School Board members who fail entirely to be amused at the prospect of their happy despatch. They are very serious over it. It was to humour them as Radicals that the amendment in their favour was put forward in the Council at all. It was of course withdrawn without a division.

Sir Charles Elliott's School Board Budget speech makes the fact of the growth in expenditure clear but it is not equally clear how it can be definitely limited. The increase of the school rate in six years by £699,000 which has raised the assessment from nearly tenpence halfpenny in the pound to nearly fourteenpence is largely accounted for by such normal causes as increase of population, and its shifting to other centres involving new buildings. Besides these there are the obligations added by new laws such as those relating to the education of the deaf, blind, imbecile and crippled children, and the extension of the school age. The gross cost per head for educating each child has risen during the period from £3 14s. 11d. to £4 10s. 3d. but it is in vain to expect better education without paying for it. The increase of teachers' salaries due to rise in scale and numbers is a necessary consequence of a higher educational standard. Sir Charles Elliott urged economy, and suggested certain changes in the method of voting on new expenditure. Whatever this may effect should be tried. The duty of the Board to economise is the greater because in the inevitable growth of their operations they cannot avoid having to spend more from year to year.

When the King and Queen opened Parliament, this most picturesque and stately of the ceremonies associated with the Government of the realm was suddenly burlesqued by the tumbling irruption of the Commons. Unfortunately they did not see themselves as others saw them; they even went the length of having a committee appointed to assign them greater space, and to commit the ungallant act of requiring the peeresses to make way for common men. The committee unfortunately reports that these gentlemen can be provided with the necessary accommodation by retaining for their use the Strangers' Gallery and that part of the House beside the Bar usually reserved for ladies. They point out that the peeresses have no constitutional claim to a place in the gallery, but add a plea in their behalf on the ground of precedent and picturesqueness. The plea should have been less cold. Ceremonial is

important; and the robes and inherited dignity of the peers and peeresses play a valuable part in the dignity of Government. The Commons should be content with their power; by intruding further into the glories of State they lose reputation and suggest infelicitous comparisons.

That the preservation of the view from Richmond Hill is in a proper sense a popular object was further shown by Mr. John Burns' question to the Parks Committee of the London County Council. He played his part of looking to the interest of the classes which form the bulk of his constituents; and if judgment is directed by the sheer number of those whose interests are involved, no view is so valuable as this. Matthew Arnold found nothing comparable to it except a part of the approach to New York—but it is hardly necessary to quote authority. The bare facts are eloquent enough. Here is a view in itself and in its historic associations unique; it is enjoyed yearly by many thousands of people to whom remoter views, such as Derwentwater, about which there was a recent agitation, are never accessible. It is to be lost because a thin fringe of land, of inconsiderable value considering the greatness of the stake, is desired for the uses of the speculative builder, a class of man whose life is spent in erecting houses which it is a pain to inhabit. The larger public will surely defend Richmond from these "concrete mendacities".

The emotion of some watcher of the skies "when a new planet swims into his ken" or of Cortez on his peak in Darien must have been Sir Harry Johnston's as he looked down upon his first Ocapia in the great forest by the Semliki river. This giraffe-like creature is clearly an addition to the world's zoology. Professor Ray Lankester is of opinion that it cannot be referred to the genus of the extinct *Helladotherium*—which, like the *Megatherium* no doubt, comes not again. But in his own line of discovery Sir Harry is more fortunate even than Cortez who had only one Pacific. Sir Harry within the last six weeks has discovered yet another unknown beast of the tribe which naturalists a little while ago were confident had only one representative, the glorious Giraffa camelopardalis. The female of his newest giraffe has three horns and the male five horn cores. Sir Harry Johnston's new giraffes follow one another so quickly that we cannot wonder if Professor Ray Lankester himself gets slightly mixed as to their identities. Sir Harry Johnston, now in London, draws attention to the fact that only a very few weeks ago he was travelling through a wild part of the Uganda Protectorate passing immense herds of wild game that recalled the best days of Gordon Cumming. But we cannot share his enthusiasm in this when we think of what will happen to those herds, when the journey between London and the heart of Africa is made still easier and quicker.

On the Stock Exchange dulness has been the order of the week in all departments. American rails have been a steady market, as they could hardly help being in face of the exceptionally good prospects of the wheat harvest, and the continued expansion of trade as shown by the increased traffic returns. But even in Americans the steadiness verges on stagnation; and when prices are good in London they come lower from New York and vice versa. Those best qualified to give an opinion maintain that the deal between the Union Pacific and the Milwaukee railways will come off, and predict a sharp rise in the securities of both. Atchison shares have been very firm on either side of 91. The wearisome operations in the Transvaal and the unreliable news from that quarter continue to act as a wet blanket upon the Kaffir market, where the boom is again postponed to the Greek calends. Probably it will come suddenly, when no one is thinking of it. The jungle is a desert, and everybody seems to be waiting for some good cables about the boring on the banket. Unless the strong groups give the public a lead by showing their own confidence in their properties, the public will certainly not come in. Lake Views, Perseverance, and Le Rois have all fallen considerably, Home rails continue their descent, and Consols close at 93½.

THE RALLY OF LIBERAL IMPERIALISM.

THE Liberal Imperialists may be congratulated on Mr. Asquith's speech and on their action of Monday night. Perhaps it might be more correct to say inaction, but a definite refusal to follow your leader is after all quite as strong a step as any politician in the circumstances could be expected to take. Let us hope that we may see an end of the ridiculous fiction that the Liberal party is really at one in all essentials. In truth they are on the one essential at sixes and sevens. It is perfectly evident, and it is admitted by the keenest controversialists of the Opposition, that the large abstention among Liberals in the House at the time of the division was due not to satisfaction with the methods of the Government in conducting the war but to dissatisfaction with their own leading men. We purposely refrain from employing the word "leaders", which would be clearly inappropriate to the situation. Mr. Lloyd George's motion was not the reason but the pretext. Mr. Haldane brought his keen intelligence and sterling common-sense to clear up a hopeless entanglement of false issues. At first sight the criticism of the able writer in the "Westminster Gazette" seems justified, that it was unreasonable to refrain from condemning the action of the War Office because you believed Mr. Kruger was responsible for the war. The real answer to that is to call attention to the difficulties of the Liberal-Imperialist position. They are defending what they think the best traditions of Liberalism and have, as Mr. Asquith explained, endeavoured to do it without causing needless friction in their own party. On the other hand they find much to censure in the conduct of the Government and yet cannot drive their criticisms home lest their position should be misinterpreted. They have often refrained from resenting the attitude of many in their own party for fear of causing further divisions. The reward for their moderation frequently has been an exultant cry on Unionist platforms "Where is your Imperialism?" with the comment that it was assumed for electioneering purposes only. For ourselves we have never seen just cause to question the genuineness of Liberal Imperialism, but we have seen very clearly the folly of pretending that there was no real and lasting cleavage of opinion in the Opposition. We hope that Sir Edward Grey has done juggling with facts and will not allow himself to be represented any longer in the humiliating position of an honest man with a dishonest mind. Political fictions may be excusable when you receive some solid return for so far stultifying yourself as to feign a belief in them, but when every concession is hailed as an abandonment of your original standpoint and every attempt to find some common ground is pointed at as a desire to assume at length the attitude of an opponent of the war from the beginning, common self-respect at last demands that the opportunity must be seized, whenever it occurs, to repudiate the contradictions into which you are being forced.

Let us hope that recent occurrences have put an end to those not very ingenuous or brilliant manoeuvres which Mr. Perks conducted at the meetings of the National Liberal Federation. The only result for the Imperialist Liberals has been to find themselves denounced by an ex-leader as "aping the conduct and professing the faith of those to whom they are opposed" and by Mr. John Morley as out of "the main stream of Liberalism". As these remarks were loudly cheered at a banquet where the technical leader of the party was a guest and he had already made himself conspicuous by vituperative attacks on Liberal Imperialism, it is not to be wondered at that all those who differed from the pro-Boer attitude thought it high time to protest.

The result of that protest was to land Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in perhaps the most humiliating position in which even he has yet found himself. He was thoroughly at home in his pro-Boer environment at the National Reform Union and took no pains to conceal it; he could not expect therefore to retain the allegiance of those whose convictions he seizes every opportunity to flout. But apparently he thought as badly of them as they do of him which is saying a good deal, but he perished of his own cynicism, finding

himself ignored by a large section of the best minds in the party who have hitherto stood aloof from anything in the nature of a cave. Sir Henry no doubt feels more at ease when sitting between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley than when he is accompanied by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, but what reasonable man doubts in whose hands the future of the party really rests? When a politician with the brilliant record of the late Liberal Home Secretary finds it necessary to desert his nominal chief at a moment of crisis, what can be thought of the capacity of that chief to control the course of his followers?

The ineptitudes of Sir Henry have at length forced the strongest and soundest thinkers among the Liberals into direct conflict with him, but the Liberal-Imperialist position is complicated by the baffling irresolution of the politician who should be their leader. No man, not even his intimates can give a rational or worthy explanation of Lord Rosebery's reticence. Inscrutability is a Napoleonic gift, but to maintain the interest the Napoleonic qualities are required. Even those who came to worship now return to scoff, for an affectation of detachment from party does not win the admiration of partisans. It is of little avail to entertain all sections of the Liberal party, while you ostentatiously deny yourself the title of Liberal.

If the party clearly recognise that Liberal Imperialism "farà da se", they have a future before them. Let them no longer hang on the skirts of a reluctant prophet. If they continue to ignore the patent facts of the situation, they will indeed be relegated to some political breakwater out of the "main stream" of political activity in which Mr. Lloyd George and his friends are disporting themselves. The elective affinities of political association are rapidly cementing a permanent alliance between the extreme Left section and the Irish Nationalists. If a Liberal party is to exist which shall command any reasonable following in Great Britain, it must have a common basis of patriotism with its Tory opponents. Such a party, we cannot but admit, would probably draw to itself a considerable amount of support from Liberal-Unionist quarters and will rally the best elements of Opposition.

This consummation we earnestly desire in the best interests of Toryism. Our own party is suffering grievously from the lack of effective criticism and strenuous opposition. If the Imperialist Liberals fail to consolidate themselves into a powerful force as they now have the chance of doing, external influence upon the Government will grow weaker and weaker until the party in power perishes from lack of outside pressure, as the fish the "Challenger" drew from the far depths of the ocean, which burst asunder when relieved from the circumcumbent weight of water. We should then find ourselves landed in a system of groups combining and separating again as personal interest or caprice dictated, fronted by a vigilant and compact body acting together on the bias of anti-patriotism. From such a fate the Liberal Imperialists have it in their power to save our institutions and they may do it by developing logically the line they took up on Monday night.

THE REPORT ON LOCAL TAXATION.

THERE is one point at any rate on which the members of the Local Taxation Commission are able to agree; and that is that the terms of reference cannot be complied with. At the very outset the Commissioners abandon as impracticable the idea of determining the respective contributions of real and personal property, and of deciding upon the equity of those contributions. This is just the point on which light was particularly hoped for. It is quite clear, of course, that various kinds of real and personal property do not contribute equitably to local taxation. Attempts, as we know, were made from time to time between 1601 and 1840 to secure some direct contribution in aid of local rates from personalty, and since 1840 the exemption of personal property has frequently been made a ground of complaint. Before 1888 Parliament had to some extent met this grievance by making certain payments out of the Imperial Exchequer in aid of local rates towards

certain expenditure which might be considered more suitably payable by taxpayers than by ratepayers. As these Imperial monies were obtained from taxation imposed in respect of real property as well as personal, the contribution to local funds, which have for many years been derived wholly or almost wholly from realty, meant relieving real property owners at their own expense. It is true that the system introduced in 1888 made an attempt more effectively to remedy the inequality by appropriating for local use certain Imperial taxes not charged upon realty, but it is not contended by anyone that the balance has thereby been adjusted. The main point at issue being how to secure that everyone should contribute equitably to local funds, the Commission, we think rightly, brush aside the idea of a local income-tax as not the real remedy, even if it were a practicable one, which it is not. They rather make the inquiry whether the purposes for which local rates are raised are really the concern of local ratepayers or of the community at large. Is the local ratepayer being burdened with payments which should rightly be borne by the Imperial taxpayer? The Commission answer this question by saying that this is the case to some extent. The contributions made by Parliament are insufficient and, as is rightly pointed out by Sir Edward Hamilton and Sir George Murray, what were at one time purely local services may now be matters more for State support owing to the constantly increasing mobility of the population and other causes.

The Commission lay down the broad principle that a distinction must be made between services which are preponderantly national in character and generally onerous to the ratepayers, and services which are preponderantly local in character and confer upon ratepayers a direct and peculiar benefit more or less commensurate with the burden. Payment in accordance with ability in respect of the former and payment in accordance with benefit received in respect of the latter is the goal to which financial reformers should make their way. Though the distinction cannot be drawn with logical precision in all cases, the following services are thought to be preponderantly national in character; poor relief, police and criminal prosecutions, education, and, to some extent, main roads.

On the question of distribution, the recommendation of the majority amounts to retaining the present system of Assigned Revenues and specific Grants for particular items of expenditure. The existing Grants are to be retained and brought up to date. New Grants are to be given for pauper lunatics and sick persons, and also for Poor Law children. A minority of the commissioners, including Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Blair Balfour, Sir E. Hamilton, and Sir G. Murray support the relief of the ratepayers by a direct Grant from the Exchequer. We are inclined to agree with Lord Balfour of Burleigh that after all the precise form in which the money is obtained from Imperial sources does not matter much to the ratepayers. In the scheme of distribution the minority differ from the majority by advocating that some regard should be paid to the ability of the different districts to raise local funds, thus equalising to a considerable extent the rates for national services. The Commission generally approve the principle of half rating for agricultural land, though Sir E. Hamilton and Sir G. Murray would confine it to national services. The Government will probably welcome this part of the report as they will very shortly have to introduce a Bill for the continuance of the Agricultural Rates Act and run the gauntlet of the now familiar cry of "doles" to the agriculturist. The majority report of the Commission quotes the late Professor Sidgwick, who pointed out as some justification for the generous treatment of the agriculturist in rating matters that when the Corn Laws were repealed, the community derived the benefit at his expense.

An old friend, or enemy, the taxation of land values, turns up again in the report, this time with a new object and in a new guise. The proposal some years ago was to tax ground rents which were supposed to escape payment of local rates. The desire then was to get at any "unearned increment" which might accrue to the freeholder in

consequence of the improvement in the value of his property, independently of any act of his. The present proposal in a minority report, signed by five commissioners out of fifteen, is to value all sites separately in urban districts, and then to impose a special tax upon them on a higher scale than on the buildings. The minority commissioners would have the special rate on site values limited by Parliament, and they are opposed to any interference with existing contracts. This last is a great concession and removes the element of injustice which underlay former proposals. But it would make uniformity in our rating system impossible in London for a hundred years, and in the rest of the country for something like a thousand years, 999 year leases being common in the North of England. The majority report condemns the proposal to impose a special tax on site values. It appears to consider that instead of placing additional taxation on real property, equity requires additional contributions from personal property for the relief of realty. The majority also object to the proposal on the ground that it is undesirable to depart from the old-established rating doctrine of *rebus sic stantibus*. They object further that the burden which would be imposed would not in any way correspond with the benefits received, since the new tax would be charged not only upon land which was increasing in value, but also on land which was decreasing. Practical difficulties as regards valuation and expense are also raised. Entirely apart from the equity of the proposal, the question, and we think the main question, arises, what will the separate valuation of sites cost, and what additional income will the Local Authorities obtain? That question has not yet been answered.

FRANCE AND POPULATION.

WHAT is the inference to be drawn from the French Census returns? The most obvious one is that either France is in a parlous condition owing to the small increase of her population during the last half-century, or that she is in a position of great advantage compared with every other leading European Power whose populations during that period have enormously increased. It is not wise to dogmatise as to which of these is the true view. None of these Powers indeed has quite done what it might have done by way of increase if full advantage had been taken of nature's fecundity, which it is well known is capable in favourable circumstances of doubling a general population in about twenty years. If any such increase of numbers had taken place in the United Kingdom, instead of the figures showing a rise from twenty-seven millions to forty-one millions, about fifty per cent. only in fifty years, we should certainly be confronting a social problem of greater seriousness than the most pessimistic Frenchman can suppose the stationary population of his country to present. Long indeed before this point had been reached we should have been discussing the population question in all its ramifications from quite the opposite point of view of those, whether Frenchmen or other Europeans, who look on the non-increase of population in France as a symptom of national decay. In fact at the very time when our population stood at twenty-seven millions John Stuart Mill was pointing out our dangers of over-population, and advocating as a means of preventing it the system of French peasant proprietorship as an effective check. It has served that purpose effectually in France, and if a population which only increases from thirty-five millions to thirty-eight in the course of fifty years is ipso facto at a disadvantage with its neighbours whose records are so strikingly different, then it appears that peasant proprietorship is an institution which must be ultimately fatal to the position of a nation as a great Power. For it appears to be assumed that the system of land proprietorship, which has undoubtedly made the French peasant family the most prosperous in Europe, must be politically condemned because it is the most potent force operating in France against population. In France wealth increases and men decay in a sense different from what Goldsmith meant. To him the growth of

wealth in certain limited classes meant that the poor people became fewer, but that is not so except in special localities: generally the poorer the mass of the people are, the less they decay in the sense of population. It is notorious that the increase of prosperity and the higher standard of comfort in any class is attended by the limitation of their numbers. In France a degree of prosperity and standard of comfort superior to that in any other European nation prevails mainly amongst the classes that include the bulk of the people, and this is having its natural result in restraining the indiscriminate breeding of an economically redundant labouring class to which other European nations owe their increasing populations. These populations, whatever else may be said of them, do not increase in the same degree in quality as they do in quantity, and where, as is the case throughout Europe at present, the development of manufactures and commerce is synchronous with that of population and is stimulating it, population and poverty are being evolved together, and there is abundance of cheap labour. In respect of manufactures and commerce other European nations may be regarded as new peoples when compared with England and France; and it is in these two countries that either the increase of population is less marked or as in France almost stationary. Both are feeling the formidable rivalry of Germany whose population has increased far more rapidly than that of any other European country, and yet with all the efforts that have been made in Germany by State socialistic schemes to meet the pressure of industrial life, German working-men are in a less prosperous condition than English and French working-men. In Austria and Italy where the increase of population has only been less than in Germany, and in Russia where it has been largest of all, though not by birth rate only, the same remark applies with greater force.

If, in short, an era of peace had arrived, as Mr. Bodley remarks, France would be the most favoured of European nations. But it is assumed almost as of course that non-increase of population is fatal to a great Power in the present condition of European affairs. France has presented many problems to Europe and this is not the least interesting, whether a nation that is more than the equal intellectually of other nations, the superior of all of them in diffused wealth, and capable of keeping her wealth in the aggregate undiminished, must decline in power unless she lays aside the institutions and habits which by keeping down population have increased the general material well-being. It would be a novelty in politics to attempt to abolish peasant proprietorship for the sake of preserving national power in the future. That was not the view the Romans took of agrarian legislation for they looked on the peasant proprietor as the great source of national strength. France is not at all likely to make changes in her ingrained national habits; and indeed it is by no means proved that increase of population implies of itself a proportionate increase in strength. The importance of numbers from a military point of view may easily be exaggerated. We are not entitled to assume any decline of the martial spirit in France, and she is at least as alive as we are in England to the power of the modern State being closely connected with the scientific training and general intellectual development of its citizens. If indeed we were not in what is called the era of expansion, the increase of the European populations proportionately to that of France so far from being to her disadvantage would be in her favour; and it is probable that at present we are inclined to overestimate the military and commercial importance of settling other parts of the world with a surplus population we cannot provide room and subsistence for in our home countries. The relative positions of the European nations in regard to the advantages they have gained in the era of expansion are already pretty well settled. So many Frenchmen have not gone into other parts of the world as Germans, or as Italians even, but what particular advantage is this to the countries of the latter politically? Commercially France benefits as any other nation benefits by the growth of civilised populations in other parts of the world. Any other colonisation but our own has been little more successful than that of France; and in the opening up of a country like China has France reaped less than ourselves or other

European nations with the exception of Russia? Then it is by no means unlikely that the getting rid of surplus population by emigration is a process which cannot be carried much further, and new markets are not illimitable. This is a danger which is by no means negligible for countries that have not acquired the art of regulating population as has France. In such circumstances France would not be confronted with social and political problems so dangerous as they would be in other countries, and she would pass through them with much less suffering. We have not dwelt on some of the moral consequences which are usually supposed to be associated with the population question in France. It is sufficient to say that one may be saved from placing too much stress on them by looking equally closely at those which attend an exuberant growth of population.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

I.—THE TRUE OBJECTIVE.

FOR years it has been no secret to many thinking soldiers that a large proportion of the officers of our army are lacking in a sound knowledge of their professional duties. From time to time attention has been called to this serious deficiency by some earnest soldier who has endeavoured to demonstrate the dangers we are thus incurring, or the matter has been brought into temporary prominence by the more drastic process of a reverse to our arms in some "little wars", for which the defective training of our officers would seem to be responsible. Hitherto however the nation has evinced but slight interest in the matter and has apparently viewed it as a mere technical detail of army organisation to be dealt with by those immediately concerned. The old adage that in civil and political life reforms rarely come from within applies with peculiar cogency to any military body such as our army, where the traditions of the service and the fetish of discipline are alike invoked to crush any efforts at improvement which emanate from subordinate officers. So long as incompetent, ill-educated and reactionary officers were permitted to monopolise the high places in our army it was tolerably plain that there was little chance of the important subject of military education receiving any serious attention. There is a story of an exalted army official, who is still living, who, hearing that a certain officer recommended for employment had graduated at the Staff College, remarked, "Ah! I knew there was *something* against him". The story is singularly apposite for it truthfully illustrates the attitude of our army but a few years since in the matter of military education. Things have somewhat improved, we hope, since then, for at any rate some few of our officers who have recently risen to high command have studied their profession and consequently can appreciate the value of subordinates who have done the same.

A healthier tone also exists as to the subject of general military knowledge. It is not so very long since all discussion of military subjects by officers at mess or in the ante room was severely repressed by the seniors, and this action was cordially endorsed by the juniors. We can safely say that such a state of things is now practically unknown and that any officer who is inclined to talk sensibly on military matters of interest at mess or elsewhere is certain to meet with many glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of extending their knowledge or of exchanging opinions. But whilst appreciating the great value of an interchange of views on professional matters, such as one always finds in the wardroom of a ship of war, we can also sympathise with the military coterie condemned to listen daily to the vacuous lucubrations of some dull-brained senior who inflicts on all within earshot his views on the merits of a particular pipeclay or method of greasing boots. It is the existence of such bores in our army that has in the past done much to make military talk unpopular and check all useful discussion. We have emphasised this point, since we are well convinced that the popular belief that "talking shop", as it used to be called, is forbidden in the army is

erroneous, provided always that the discussion is not of the pipeclay and blacking type.

The knowledge that our officers lack education is no longer a matter confined to the few experts who now and again have ineffectually lifted their voices on the vital importance of a higher standard being enforced. The war in South Africa has educated the nation on innumerable points connected with our army, and apparently none of these have impressed the public so much as the want of professional knowledge evinced by not a few of our officers in the field. All at once it has been rudely brought home to the public, not only of these islands but of all our colonies, that the so-called "Imperial officer" is in many cases woefully lacking in certain essentials of his trade. Colonial officers, desirous of information and naturally reckoning on obtaining it from their professional comrades of our regular forces, were astonished at finding that not seldom their craving remained unsatisfied, in fact that they were better off themselves in respect of knowledge useful for campaigning. Of the gallantry and devotion of the British officer no praise is sufficient, but beyond these admirable qualities in not a few cases he would seem singularly to have been wanting in general professional accomplishments. It has been roundly asserted, and we fear with no small degree of truth, that he has over and again shown himself to be wanting in the commonest attributes of a leader of men—incapable of thinking for himself and consequently of acting with promptitude and decision, lacking in all initiative, unable to instruct his subordinate officers or men in the details of any work required, showing a marked deficiency in individuality, and without common sense.

It may be taken that the nation having thus become aware of the true condition of affairs will not rest satisfied until a thorough and drastic change has been brought about. In other words the requirements of our army being now tolerably well known to the nation at large, the army must live up to the standard expected of it and this standard is attainable only by a sound system of military education and training.

What is the true objective of military education? It is, we take it, to provide a corps of officers thoroughly trained in all their professional duties, able to assist and impart information to their juniors and to instruct practically their N.C.O.s and men in all necessary branches of military art. They must also be possessed of individuality so as to inspire confidence; be able to think and act for themselves and, when necessary, to take the initiative. They must be profoundly imbued with the true professional spirit, and realise that in adopting the trade of a soldier they accept also its great responsibilities more especially as regards the welfare of their men at all times and the care of their lives when on active service.

Before entirely acquiescing in the popular verdict as to the shortcomings of our officers on active service, it would be at least fair to endeavour rightly to apportion the blame of these shortcomings among those who are responsible. First as regards the subject of military education pure and simple. Here we maintain that the whole present system of education of officers, both preliminary at Sandhurst and subsequently when in the army, including the examinations, has hopelessly failed to provide us with officers adequately trained in their professional duties. The existence here or there of highly educated and intelligent officers must not in any way be attributed to the present system: the credit belongs solely to individuals who in spite of deficient training and futile examinations, with no kind of encouragement, have managed somehow to educate themselves. As to the notorious deficiency of individuality and initiative, we hold the British officer absolved of all blame. He has only proved the correctness of the theory that the average individual is the production of his environment. Our army system seems peculiarly designed to crush out individuality and to prevent a man from thinking, much less speaking or acting, for himself, any attempt on the part of a subordinate to take the initiative being promptly and sternly suppressed. To blame the British officer because he has not on an emergency risen superior to the deadly incubus of a life's defective training is as unjust as it is silly.

Probably the chief obstacle in the way of improving the professional spirit among our officers is the attitude of the authorities towards all educational matters. This attitude has caused very many officers to become imbued with the idea that so long as they perform their regimental duties in a passable manner, all else in the nature of either professional study or technical acquirements is a mere act of supererogation, since it is plain that no tangible advantages ever accrue to men who devote their time and attention to such matters. To give an example. Any officer, however ignorant or lazy, who can drift along and by hook or by crook pass the examinations for promotion to rank of captain and major and satisfy the futile test of "tactical fitness for command", becomes eligible for retirement on a pension exactly in the same way as the most hard-working, efficient and zealous officer. We call the test of tactical fitness for command "futile" in the light of events in South Africa. Thus no incentive exists for professional study. In our view, authorities that persistently neglect to afford any facilities or offer any advantages to those who devote their lives to their work are at least as much to blame as is the officer who lacks professional spirit, and elects to do the "legal minimum" of the work which comes in his way.

WOMAN IN MODERN BOHEMIAN LITERATURE.

"*CHERCHEZ la femme*" here loses its usual importance, for in the new poetry, although one may search for the woman, one cannot find her. In the best productions of lyric poets there is an absolute lack of woman; it is the erotic without the woman, and where she does appear, it is her shadow, rather than herself, as is the case in Olokuz Bžezina's poetry, or it is the mark of a scar on gossamer, as is the case with A. Sovà, who represents her as an instrument of pain, although she herself becomes a victim of that pain—then he depicts her as a demon of perdition, subduing the strong man, the representative of great thoughts.

She cannot be found in the lyrics of J. Karasek, who is the best proof of what I have called an eroticism without the woman. It is true that sexual inclination plays a great part, but it is not the sexual inclination in its dominating movement; it is rather the result of analytical intellect, of inclination dissected in its horrid hideousness on the table of bitter knowledge, a deceitful and treacherous element, not embodied in the charming picture of woman, but an abstract, ruinous factor in the soul of a solitary man. It is therefore, not "mulier necans", but "sexus necans".

These three poets are closely followed by a phalanx of young lyric poets. Their poetry strives to be either entirely spiritualistic, in which woman does not exist—and thus it is not masculine—or it falls into another extreme and groans in nervous pain. It leaves the ethic social relation of sexes alone, and sees in woman only the brimmer of pleasure, or rather the disagreeable sediment that remains at the bottom. The idea of woman, as a thinking being, equal to man, deserving sympathy and love, has almost entirely disappeared from Bohemian literature. This is, however, natural and good, if one considers it as a final severing from the former ethical legend that represented woman as a half angel who should be approached during moonlight filled with perfume of flowers and sounds of lute, singing eternal, ideal, unextinguishable, languid melody of love that has resounded through European literature for more than five centuries.

After that woman, whose innocence and beauty proved to be a bad thread-tape and her words a lie, there remained in Bohemian poetry only emptiness; this was not filled up with the modern woman, the human being composed like the man, and like him changeable, the woman "who reads the papers, studies, speaks at meetings, but who may be the source of still deeper and therefore truer sentiments than her more poetic but deceitful predecessor". This empty place was not taken by the modern woman, for the poet cannot suffer anyone beside him on the preci-

pitous rock of his Ego: in the dusky regions of his soul, there is a place only for himself. But exactly for this reason, the poetry is lacking in something—it is not the whole of the soul, not the whole of life. The reasons for this phenomenon are various, and can be found in the lack of that social culture, that can produce woman as a being of a differential and subtle feeling as the artist himself. Such a type of woman must certainly exist, and ripen there also, but the poet does not come into contact with her, for either he does not look at her or plunging into the depths of the problems of his own soul he loses the sentiment of the real world and hates the reality, whose manifestation, at any rate, is woman.

Modern realism has for ever abandoned the legend about love in its former meaning, and in the meantime, while trying to prove its falsity, it has got rid of that most persistent idea, under domination of which poetry has become lifeless. This legend, having been shaken by the mighty fist of Italian Renaissance and the French irony of the eighteenth century, was resuscitated in the German romanticism, carried by Heine to absurdity. A new type of woman, and new combinations of the relations of man towards woman have appeared in modern literature. Turgenieff, Jacobsen and Ibsen have shown a totally different, and until now, totally unknown woman; and have abandoned the traditional French conception, which since the eighteenth century has not disappeared from the drama or the novel. Turgenieff has created a new type of modern Slav woman—Jacobsen, weaving for himself, the nature of woman, has given, in "Mrs. Mary Grubbe", a thrilling martyrology of a woman's heart, insatiable in its longings and passions. Ibsen has created an entirely new type of woman, has given her a new soul, has represented her as the synthesis of sentiment, intellect and consciousness, as a penetratingly investigating, energetic being full of self-sacrifice. From Ibsen's woman there comes forth the deep breath of the most secret forces of destiny. It comes forth from the mystic depths of life and troubles like an eternal mystery. Ibsen does not know the former type of virgin—with him, the woman is always fully ripe. The majority of the women of the younger poets are altered types of Ibsen's woman. There one can behold an interesting defence of woman, or a fight against her. Strinberg was only an intermezzo, an episode: with his proud manliness he did not go further than the Inferno, and merely knocked at the doors of catholicism and mysticism.

Beside this tragi-comedy there stands before us in beautiful forms the new pessimism of the stage, in which woman is an evil, but by giving herself up without reserve she suffers all martyrdom and wears a crown of thorns. Such a woman appears in Przybyszewski's fancy. In Bohemian literature we see her only in the work of J. S. Maskar, whose "Madeleine" is a book without the erotic; but the interest in woman as a social being, suffering individually, is here very deep and delicate, and Maskar's views about woman are expressed in these words: "To be a woman means to suffer." He enters completely into a woman's feelings, although otherwise he is the most virile of the Bohemian poets. In Jaroslav Hilbert's "Wine" the new element also comes forth with great strength. S. C. DE SOISSONS.

TIVOLI.

A CROSS the vast Campagna, coloured still
With shadows of the early flooding seas
That flowed above it in the ancient days,
To Tivoli, a city built in dreams
Above the pillared streams
Of waters falling through the leafy maze
Of sea-green olive trees,
That shade with moving dusk her throning hill,
We strayed one April morn.

Behind us lay the legend of old Rome :
 The grey o'erwhelming dome,
 Tombing dead empires, sprung of deathless deeds
 To bright disaster. From the storied gloom,
 Earth mounded triumphs and Time trampled state,
 And memories forlorn
 Of battles bright with banners, and the wild
 Victorious youth of heroes born
 To mighty peril and star-trammelled fate,
 We wandered with eyes bright
 And hearts a-hunger for the shrill
 Cool piping of Italian reeds,
 That shook from olive-clouded vale and hill
 Ere Italy, clear dreaming as a child,
 Arose and struggled with her splendid doom.

We climbed the hill and wandered through dim
 groves
 Of olives with their twisted roots upreared,
 Enchanted dryads striving to be free,
 Their yearning forms by fiery passions seared !
 And every little leaf of every tree
 Quivered with breath and murmured of old loves.

Bewildered by vague fears
 Of some lone wood-god stirred
 From darkling slumber in the deep of years :
 Listening for sounds unheard,
 And quaking at the flight
 Of shadow startled bird,
 We fled across a striding bridge
 And rested panting on a ridge
 In the April light !

Then suddenly before our dazzled eyes
 We saw the wonder rise
 Fair Tivoli, a city built in dreams
 To the loud music of her falling streams,
 That thunder from her craggy steep
 And flashing plunge where groves of shadow sleep.

All the calm noon we lay
 And watched the rainbow coloured spray
 From snowy tumult leap,
 As if some caverned spirit strove to fling
 Some living drops on Vesta's pillared height,
 To waken once again that early spring
 When in her sacred house
 From maiden-gathered boughs
 The live flame burst to light eternity !

O Temple of grey stone
 By roving winds o'erblown,
 Thine altars cold, thy secret places bare
 To every wandering air ;
 From Northern hills to thee
 My spirit turns ;
 Thy long forsaken fire
 New-lit within me burns
 With all the keen desire
 Of all the virgin eyes that kindled to the light
 Through slow, unflinching days
 Or watched with steadfast gaze
 The clear flame leaping in the perilous night !

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE SPECIALIST AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

IT was wittily said of Dr. Whewell of Trinity, that science was his forte, and that omniscience was his foible ; and there is a widely spread idea that the man who knows most about one thing is not very likely to know much about most things. Conversely there is an idea that the man who knows something about most things is not very likely to know any one thing thoroughly. Thus writers who take wide views, and enunciate general principles, with regard to historic, scientific, philosophic or religious questions, and then endeavour to unify vast masses of knowledge are constantly denounced by a certain class of critics, as men who have made no original research into anything, and have picked up all that they know carelessly at second hand. And writers of this kind, doubtless, are apt to lay themselves open to charges of inaccuracy with regard to numerous details ; and may easily be exhibited by skilful and hostile specialists as persons so ignorant of the subjects on which they touch, as to render their conclusions unworthy of notice. It was in this manner that Freeman attacked Froude. Froude certainly had not the gift of accuracy as regards detail. He was particularly apt to be inaccurate in his quotations from historic documents, and in his use of inverted commas. On errors like these Freeman used to seize mercilessly, and argue that the man who could deal with his materials thus was little better than an eloquent dunce and a charlatan.

Now Professor Freeman was no doubt perfectly correct in the details of his minute criticisms. The inaccuracies which he detected in his victim were real inaccuracies ; and so far as they went were indubitable signs of defective scholarship, a defective historical sense, or a want of thoroughness of some kind or other. But what Professor Freeman could not see was that his criticisms, though true so far as they went, went a very little way only ; and in particular failed altogether to justify the precise inference which he desired to draw from them. Froude's inaccuracies, though they blemished his work, were in no sense representative of it. Though he blundered as to details, whilst Professor Freeman did not, he made history live, he exhibited it to us as a living process, in a manner which was utterly beyond Professor Freeman's reach ; and of whatever important errors Froude may have been really guilty, these had nothing to do with the errors on which Freeman concentrated his attention. The truth is that knowledge is of two kinds, which requires to be tested by two distinct standards—the knowledge of the specialist, which is confined to numbers of particular facts, and that of the man who generalises from, and interprets, the facts which specialists discover. In the former what we primarily demand is absolute accuracy of detail. In the latter what we demand is a substantial accuracy of interpretation ; and light, which is practically equivalent to a new revelation, may be thrown on the significance of vast masses of knowledge, by men who have only a very slight knowledge of the details of it.

But if it is thus irrelevant to attack such men as these because their knowledge of details is very often inaccurate, still more irrelevant is it to attack them, as is often done, because their knowledge of details is knowledge at second hand, and because they are not what is commonly called men of original research. The truth rather is that, with very few exceptions, original research, instead of being essential to the great and comprehensive thinker, is practically incompatible with great and comprehensive thought. In the intellectual sphere, no less than in the practical, all success and progress is based on a division of labour ; and in proportion as the area of human knowledge widens, the importance of this truth becomes greater and more self-evident. The value of all knowledge, so far as the mass of men is concerned, depends on the manner in which it tends to affect their lives, either by ministering to their physical convenience, or by enlarging and illuminating their minds. Knowledge thus practically applied differs from a mere knowledge of facts, very much as a house differs from the materials out of which it is constructed : and the process of generalising from facts

differs from the process of collecting them, very much as the work of the architect or the engineer, differs from that of men who make, or prepare, and cart the bricks, the planks and the girders to the spot on which the house is to be built. If the house to be built is merely a one-roomed cabin, the function of architect, carpenter, and carter can be combined in the same person. But if the house is to be a large and elaborate structure, the man who determines how the materials shall be used can take no appreciable part in getting the materials together.

Of all recent thinkers, the one who has combined original research with the widest theoretical generalisations, is Darwin; but Darwin himself would have been the first person to admit that the great work of his life, as he himself left it, lay wholly outside that central domain of thought, in which all branches of knowledge seek to attain unity, and by assisting and interpreting one another, to convey to men some intelligible message. To convey such a message has been the object of Mr. Herbert Spencer; and of all philosophers he is probably the one whose accurate knowledge of detailed facts has been the widest; but even he has got all his knowledge at second or even at third hand; he has never pretended to be a man of science himself; and the extraordinary knowledge of scientific detail which he has obtained, whilst strengthening his position in some ways, has weakened it in others, by diverting his attention from many of the most important aspects of life. The fact therefore that a philosophic thinker derives his data from the research and writings of others, and even then concerns himself with their general character rather than with their details, instead of affording us any ground for assuming that his conclusions are false or superficial, is rather to be regarded as constituting one of the chief conditions under which alone any comprehensive interpretation of these data is possible.

Superficial thinkers there have been in all ages. There are infinite numbers of them now: but if there is anything in the modern conditions of thought and knowledge which peculiarly tends to foster this vice, we shall find it exemplified not so much by the case of the philosophic thinker who is superficial in his acquaintance with the facts of the special sciences, as by the case of the scientific specialist who is superficial in his acquaintance with philosophy. Here indeed we have a real source of danger. Signal success in some one branch of science—the consciousness of having discovered, mastered and demonstrated some particular set of positive and verifiable facts, is apt to generate in a man's mind an entirely false confidence in his powers of interpreting phenomena of quite different kinds. Thus the philosophy of materialism in its cruder and more popular forms is supposed by many people to have the authority of the deepest modern thought at the back of it, because many distinguished physicists have loudly expressed their adherence to it; whereas the truth of the matter has been that these justly celebrated persons have in matters of philosophy been almost entirely ignorant, and the materialism they have advocated has been such as to rouse the deserved contempt of anyone who has had even the rudiments of a sound philosophic education. Professor Huxley, though his attainments were by no means confined to physics, acquired a reputation as a religious or anti-religious philosopher, due largely to his prestige as a scientific specialist, which as a philosopher he did not in the least deserve. We are in little danger of taking a man, who is really ignorant of science, for a great scientific specialist, because we admire his genius as a philosopher: but we are in constant danger of taking a man who knows nothing at all of philosophy for an authority worth listening to on religious and philosophic questions, because we admire the triumphs which he has achieved as a scientific expert.

We must not let this article go without entering one caveat. We are not using the term "specialist" and its obverse in the idiom of the press. There a writer who knows something of something becomes a specialist in distinction from the mere journalist who has no knowledge of anything. We could do with a vast increase of "specialism" in the newspaper.

PROVINCIAL GALLERIES.

I SUMMED up briefly last week the progress of the last decade in getting rid of a stupid academic tyranny. Criticism in almost all the important papers is now independent of the Academy; its latest recruits are thoroughly informed, scholarly and liberal, in marked contrast to the old type of picturesque reporter, whose ignorance reduced him to the function of an academic tout. The Academy schools rank far below the Slade, manned, in the teeth of the Academy, by its most determined opponents, and they have probably been forced to modify their more lunatic methods of instruction. The Academy exhibition is now but one of many, and its market is no longer what it was; for dealers and collectors of the new type are as independent and as little superstitious as the critics. New men of real talent have no need of the Academy, and some of them refuse to submit to the gambling chances of fair treatment by its juries. In yet another direction there are signs of enlightenment and coming independence, namely in the management of provincial exhibitions and permanent collections, which have suffered from that terrible stuffy patronage. Under the head of permanent collections, it must be premised, London herself is not yet free. At this moment the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery are under the direction of Sir Edward Poynter, already occupied as a painter, and as President of the Academy. His direction of the National Gallery has been no more fortunate than Sir Charles Eastlake's, and will surely be the last of its kind. The blunders and failures no doubt are not wholly to be set down to him; his colleagues, with whom he has to reckon, must take their heavy share; but it is sufficiently proved that we need a man in the post whose whole business should be connoisseurship and who would have the courage of his knowledge; the painter-director gives us faulty connoisseurship and none of the taste he should theoretically supply. It is still worse that an Academician should have anything to do with the modern section or Tate Gallery. That gallery is at present the dumping-ground for any rubbish the Chantry Trustees can bring a very elastic conscience to shoot upon it. It would be difficult to parallel from provincial galleries the feat of the purchase last year of Mr. Dicksee's picture for £2,000, though their transactions also are not wanting in generosity to the vendor. The vendor, it is true, at times competes with the purchaser in generosity. Thus Lord Leighton, if I remember right, once subscribed a thousand pounds to the purchase of one of his own pictures.

The tied-house system, which is the rule for provincial galleries, is as follows. In autumn, when the Academy is closed, the provincial exhibitions begin, and the unsold Academy picture goes on tour. Academicians are good enough to go down and help to arrange these collections. From the proceeds, or some special fund, pictures are bought for the permanent collection out of this annual exhibition, and the advice of the Academician is no doubt welcomed in their selection. In this way the provincial galleries, like the Tate, are choked up with ephemeral "pictures-of-the-year", and have no money to spend on more important possessions. This rule happily has its exceptions. Birmingham has shown independence in well-organised loan exhibitions and in buying, by a definite policy, preraphaelite pictures for its permanent collection. I noticed lately the admirable innovation at Wolverhampton, where a collection of Mr. Legros' work was got together comparable with that recently arranged at the Luxembourg. And now comes a welcome breeze in the Liverpool Press, showing that the better-informed people there are, not for the first time, in revolt against the bland academic system. Mr. Dowdall, one of the town councillors, it appears from this correspondence, has suggested to the Gallery Committee a scheme of improvement, which is modest enough in all conscience. He proposes occasional loan or special exhibitions in addition to the annual academy-on-tour, and moreover that a small sum out of the money annually spent on pictures-of-the-year should be otherwise appropriated. This part of his scheme is one that I have several times advocated here and elsewhere. It is that the gallery should provide itself with

casts of sculpture and photographs of pictures and architecture so as to illustrate in a systematic and educational way, with the aid of catalogues, the history of art. No provincial gallery can hope to get together a representative collection of pictures and statues. It is too late in the day, and the cost is too great. Much can be done by a wary and well-informed director in acquiring precious originals at this or that special point in the whole field. But the groundwork of every provincial gallery ought to be what might be called a reference library of casts and photographs offering students a general view of the field. Such a collection can be made for a trifling cost and need not occupy, so far as the photographs are concerned, much space; for they can be stored in cases, leaving a few cardinal examples, to be changed from time to time, upon the walls. The cast collection can be made big or small as space allows, photographs being substituted for casts where there is no room for the latter. The opponents of Mr. Dowdall are terrified at the prospect of "clotted technicalities" (i.e. correct ascriptions and historical information) in a catalogue; they applaud the present policy because it "does not fall into the error of treating the Walker Art Gallery as a national institution primarily for the advantage of students", and regard the following citation from the catalogue as a model of what should be provided for the "amusement and edification of citizens and visitors". "No. 2. 'A Summer Shower' showing truthfully the aspect of a landscape during one of those heavy showers which occur at times in the summer season. The foliage and distant hills, which but a short time before were brilliant with the sunlight, are now half hidden in a cloud of mist and rain. The couple in the foreground are evidently so much interested in each other, that they pay but little heed to the sudden downpour." This far from clotted style deserves a wider public than the casual citizen and visitor. The picture is by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., who, it is naively added, "by the way, will be one of the hangers this year". The "Liverpool Courier" surely overrates the number of its fellow-citizens who are amused or edified by this kind of thing, and under-rates the growing number who are tired to death by pictures-of-the-year, and study with avidity, when they get the chance, the monuments of art in its great times.

I have left myself small space for dealing with the week's exhibitions. The Pastel Society may be disposed of in a few lines. Mr. Muhrman incontestably leads, the most certain artist. Pastel is an instrument to him; to the crush or crumble of chalk against paper he fits surely, delicately, chosen characters of a scene in a strongly determined framework. Look at his "Broadstairs", how the cliff, the brown houses, the yellow sand have been simplified out of their impertinences and weighted with figures just where these were wanted. How again the Aunt Sally screens of Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday zigzag in a large pattern over the picture field, and the gay-squalid crowd passes to us through sombre eyes. Mr. Clausen is at his best in pastel, for he paints like a pastellist. The "Summer Sky" is lovely; fair little clouds bodying out of blue air above a sun-whitened earth. Messrs. Lhermitte and Bauer are the best of the strangers. Mr. Pennell is still black-and-white in his colour; but the "Band", seen from above, is an ingenious design. Mr. J. K. R. Duff is also blackish, but his studies of lambs, here as at the New English Art Club, are full of knowledge and fun. The names of Messrs. Peppercorn, Grosvenor Thomas and Beach may be added. It is not clear what the drawings by Rodin and Segantini are doing in a pastel exhibition.

At Messrs. Obach's new gallery in Bond Street are four interesting studies by Corot for frescoes in the church at Ville d'Avray, there hardly visible, and among other fine things is a magnificent drawing of a lion by Eugène Delacroix.

D. S. M.

ALMOND BLOSSOM IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

OUR own almond-trees have duly shed their blossoms, to be blown out of sight by the blasts of our own spring. But, just where we should least hope to find it, an exotic specimen has been planted, and blooms there fairer and more fragrant, assuredly, than any native growth. There, in Piccadilly Circus, where the chaotic shoddiness of modern civilisation expresses itself most perfectly; there, in that giddy congestion of omnibuses, advertisements, glossy restaurants and glossier drinking-bars, glossy men and glossier women; there, in that immediate inferno of ours, this gracious almond-tree is in flower. Let us tend it lovingly. Let us make the most of its brief season—the brief "season" for which the players from the Imperial Court Theatre of Tokio have leased the Criterion.

There seems to be something appropriate in the coming of these players to the very centre of our vulgarity. For have not we, in our greedy occidental way, made a very great point of vulgarising down to our own level the notion of Japan? The importation of a few fans and umbrellas and idols set us all agog. Forthwith Brummagem could not turn out a big enough supply of cheap and nasty imitations to keep us happy. The trade began about twenty years ago, waxing ever faster and more furious. "Japanese Stores" sprang up on every side. Japanese musical comedies were produced. "Jolly Japs" peddled around and about. Now at length we have had our surfeit. We are eager to vulgarise some other national art. And lo! suddenly in the midst of us, appear these players from Tokio, to remind us how much nicer the real thing is, and to warn us against making any more such spurious imitations as those which we have made of them. Their warning is likely to be the more effective through the shock which their presence gives us. In the fulness of our national pride, we had believed that the old Japan was no more. We had flattered ourselves that the Japanese were now as vulgar and occidental as we. And yet here, classic and unperturbed, untouched by time or by us, these players stand before us, as though incarnate from the conventions of Utamaro and Hokusai.

Straight from the prints and drawings of Utamaro and Hokusai these creatures have come to us. Those terrific men, bristling with hair, and undulating all over with muscle and showing their teeth in fixed grins; those pretty little ladies, with their little sick smiles, drooping this way or that as though the weight of their great sleek head-dresses were too much for them—here they all are, not outlined on flimsy paper, but alive and mobile in the glory of three dimensions. Here they all are, magically restored to the very flesh in which the limners saw them. See! Two of the men have drawn their broadswords and are planting their feet far apart in the classical attitude that one knows so well. They are grunting, snorting, gnashing their teeth. They are athirst for each other's blood, both loving Katsuragi, the Geisha (whom, by the way, they do not call the jewel of Asia). The swords clash noisily, and sparks fly from them. The grins and the grunts become more and more terrible, as the combatants stamp round and round. And she, the cause of the combat, sways this way and that, distracted, yet with a kind of weary composure on her face and in every fold of her red kimono, watching for the moment when she can throw herself between, to separate and soothe and save them. Whether she succeed or fail we care not. Merely are we entranced by the sight of her, by the realisation of the dreams that the colour-prints wove for us. Again, when her lover has deserted her and to escape her vengeance has hidden himself within a Buddhist monastery, we care not whether by her dancing she shall persuade the monks to admit her within their gates. She dances, and that is enough for us. She divests herself of her kimono. Swathed and rigid, she averts herself from us. Faint, monotonous music is heard, and a crooning voice. Gradually she turns towards us. Her left hand is across her mouth, in her right hand she holds aloft her shut fan. The music is insistent. Still she stands motionless. Suddenly, with

a sharp downward fling of the arm she shoots open her fan. The left hand flutters upon the air. She sways, droops forward, and sidles into her dance—a dance of long soft strides, indescribable. Presently she sinks on her knees under an almond-tree, and claps the palms of her hands delicately. Down from the branch falls a light shower of petals. These she sweeps together, imprisons them between her hands, runs away with them, scatters them from her, and, always in some mysterious accord to that mysterious music, chases them round and round.

Some symbolism there is, doubtless, in these evolutions. For us the grace of the kitten suffices. Anon, she does another dance, wearing on her head a hat that is like a pink plate and is tied with a pink riband across her lips. Anon, she is beating a tiny drum as she dances. See with what strange movements of her arms she waves the tiny drumsticks! She is never still, and yet her every gesture imprints itself on our gaze as though it were the one arrested gesture of a figure in a picture. Nothing is blurred by mobility. Nothing escapes us. It is as though one were not seeing actual life in unrest, but inspecting at leisure a whole series of those instantaneous plates which are contained in a cinematograph, and wondering at the strange secrets revealed in them—those movements which are impalpable and unsuspected because only within the fraction of a second can they be caught. And yet, though we see everything thus separate, we see it also in its general relation to the rest. Though we see those quaintly exquisite postures and gestures which the limners recorded for us, we see also how they were made, and what—no! what they expressed remains for us a mystery. We, who do not even know the Japanese language, how should we penetrate the mysteries of the Japanese spirit? We, to whom all these men and women look respectively (and delightfully) just like one another, how, in the name of goodness, are we to know what their souls are driving at?

True, "arguments" of the two plays performed at the Criterion are duly included in the programme. Thus one knows roughly what is going on. One knows that one person is jealous, another frightened, another pleased, and so forth. And, as I have suggested, one doesn't care. So differently are the emotions expressed in Japan that illusion is completely merged for us in curiosity. When an Englishman is indignant because the mother of his betrothed has given her in marriage to another man, he expresses himself ebulliently. Yet when Yendo Morito meets Koromogawa, the mother of Kesa, and learns from her how badly he has been treated, he merely grunts and snarls. That (in the light of the argument) is his way of expressing anguish and rage. Naturally, we are more interested in the situation than touched by it. When he draws his sword and bids Koromogawa prepare for instant death, she does not, as would an Englishwoman, scream or kneel or try to run away; on the contrary, she remains perfectly still, rolls her eyes and grunts.

Such is the form that fear takes in Japan. Again, our sympathy is unaroused, tightly though our attention is held. Such is our experience of every climax in the play. We understand it, from the argument; but we cannot feel it. And between every climax is a long interval, which the argument does but very faintly illuminate. In these intervals we see the figures moving, gesticulating; we hear quaint sounds made by them. The hands wave and the lips curve and the arched eyebrows move up and down and the bodies sway to and fro and everything of course means something, but nothing reveals a hint to us. And we, if we are wise, do not try to penetrate the veil. We do not try to think: we merely look on. For sheer visual delight, nothing can match this curious performance. All who have eyes to see should see it. The one fault to be found with it is that the figures are seen against very elaborate and gaudily-painted backgrounds. Plain, pale backgrounds were needed to make them "tell" worthily of their own quaint perfection.

MAX.

PADEREWSKI AND OTHERS.

MANY, many years ago Paderewski came to London. He gave a piano recital. With a few honourable exceptions the London Press descended upon him with a solid thump. He was declared to be without any ability whatever; he was told he played in a vulgar manner and would never be successful in so cultured a village as London. An amiable gentleman, the critic of the "Times", remarked that he "fairly ran amok. . . . to the disgust of the more intelligent part of the audience"—or words to that effect. Later the critic of the "Times", finding, I suppose, Paderewski to be a huge success with the public, climbed down and discovered all sorts of surprising merits in him. And to-day, when Paderewski is not playing one quarter so well as he did ten years ago, the whole London Press is filled with admiration for him; nothing he does can possibly be other than the very best thing of its sort, so to speak. As a mere matter of fact, he played finely on Tuesday, though not so finely as in the ancient days that are past. He began with Haydn's F minor variations and went on to Mozart's A minor rondo; then we had two sonatas, Beethoven's Waldstein and Schumann's F sharp minor; and the afternoon's entertainment wound up with a long Chopin selection which I did not choose to sit out. About the Haydn and Mozart there is little or nothing to be said: they were well enough played; but why on earth they should be played at all I cannot guess. They are pretty enough pieces for young students; but surely the many ladies, young and old, but mainly old, who paid their guinea a head on this occasion must have felt bitterly disappointed. The Waldstein came off very well, though the style was not at all noble. It was too light, too trivial, in fact too skittish for so magnificent a work. The F sharp minor sonata of Schumann is one of his least tolerable works; but in it Paderewski played much better. The scherzo was given with admirable vivacity. As for the Chopin, I must content myself with saying that Chopin as interpreted by Paderewski pleases me less and less. Why all the strength, virility and manliness should be left out of Chopin's music I cannot guess; why the splendid ballads should be turned into Mendelssohn-y Songs without Words is a question beyond my powers of solution. As Paderewski grows older he becomes—in his Chopin playing—more and more effeminate, more and more sentimental. At the same time I can quite understand Paderewski attracting not only the old maids of Pimlico and Bayswater but the genuine musicians and lovers of fine piano-playing. His technique is adequate; he emphasises the poetic side of everything he plays; and like Bauer, only "more so", he is perpetually piquant, exhilarating. He fully deserves all his popularity. But the mass of London critics have done nothing to help him to it.

The opera goes on in its cheerful fashion, giving good and bad representations with charming impartiality. For reasons to be given presently it was impossible for me to hear Tamagno in "Otello" on Saturday night or in "Aida" on Tuesday night. But on Monday night an excellent performance of "Tannhäuser" was given with Ternina as Elisabeth, Plançon as the Landgrav, Bispham as Wolfram, and Fischer Sobell as Tannhäuser. Wolfram was magnificent, for Bispham has totally forgotten those tricks of exaggeration that disfigured nearly everything he took in hand a couple of years ago; Ternina was rather too big for so foolish a rôle as that of Elisabeth; Plançon's Hermann was as dignified and artistic as ever; and, on the whole, Fischer Sobell's Tannhäuser was very good indeed. One is bound to speak with a certain degree of reserve about newcomers at Covent Garden. Without being suspected of sitting on the fence one may fairly ask to hear a new artist two or three times before delivering a final verdict. But for the present it may be said that Fischer Sobell's first act was rather poor, his second good and his last as fine as any Tannhäuser I have yet heard. The long description of his troubles on the road to Rome was delivered with ample dramatic emphasis and yet with a great deal of beauty. The final phrases certainly

have never been sung with greater pathos or with greater loveliness of tone. So much for this débutant. As for Tamagno, I found it impossible to hear him because other affairs were toward; and, besides, Tamagno, in spite of his glorious high notes, is not in reality a great artist. Possibly there may be something to say about him later.

But Tamagno or no Tamagno I could not have attended Covent Garden on Saturday. During the last two or three years I have paid a great deal of attention to the music of the Roman Catholic churches of this country; I have denounced some churches and have praised others; and steadily I have urged that the only music fitted for the ritual of English Catholic churches is the music written by our early English composers. When the choir of Downside Abbey came to Ealing the year before last and sang Byrde's Mass in D Minor—published by Breitkopf and ably edited by Messrs. Barclay Squire and R. R. Terry—I hailed their appearance with joy. This Mass had been known to me for years as a genuine example of early English church music; and on the strength of it, and the *Cantiones Sacrae*, I was emboldened to place Byrde by the side of Palestrina—of Palestrina, an Italian by birth, but a Fleming by education, and really the gorgeous wind-up of the Flemish school. The Abbot of Downside, knowing my sympathy with the movement he is so valorously helping forward in the chapel of his monastery, kindly invited me to run down and hear some specimens of the music sung in that chapel every Sunday and feast day. Mr. Terry is the organist and choirmaster, and I will dismiss him at once with the remark that though I have heard church choirs in all parts of Europe no finer singing than that of his choir has ever assailed my ears. Soon after I reached Downside on Saturday night I heard a great uproar outside and discovered that the choir had been away for its annual outing, and according (it seems) to its annual custom was shouting itself hoarse in its joy and disabling itself for the next day's work. But on Sunday there was scarcely anything to complain of. Some of the boys might have been in better voice; some of the monks might have been a little more attentive to the business in hand; but such chorus singing, singing distinguished by so appropriate a style, has not been heard in this country since Mr. Daniel de Lange brought over his Dutch choir some ten or twelve years ago. On Sunday morning the Mass was, perforce, a composite one. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus were by Tallis (in four parts); the Credo was from a Mass by Palestrina. For the Offertory we had a five-part motet of Byrde, one of the most glorious things in music. In the evening a motet "O vos omnes" by Duron was given, an "O Salutaris" from Palestrina, an "Adoramus te Christe" of Orlando Lassus, a "Tantum ergo" of Palestrina, and a quite suitable "Adoremus" from Mr. Terry's own pen. Such a programme, not to use the word flippantly, cannot be heard in any London church at any time of the year. If Downside continues in its present course it will become the authority on all matters of Church music. At present it is doing pioneering work; it is a voice crying in the wilderness; but soon the Romanist clergy and organists will be compelled to admit that it is as shocking to have bad or unsuitable music in their churches as to have blasphemous pictures or to substitute readings from say Mr. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" for some of the more solemn parts of the service. At various London churches I have heard music which was quite as irreligious in effect as would be readings from "Three Men in a Boat", and marked by a quite Jeromean amount of cockney vulgarity. I may be doing an unkind thing to Downside, but I certainly am doing a kind thing for English church music, when I urge everyone who is interested in the subject to take the first opportunity of hearing the only music adapted to the use of the English Catholic services. Now that the question of the music of the new Westminster Cathedral is being vigorously discussed it will be well for a few of the people concerned in settling it to realise that only one kind of music is suitable—the music of Byrde, Tallis and their predecessors and contemporaries. I will return to this matter at a later date. J. F. R.

THE GRESHAM VALUATION.

IT is with a distinct sense of relief that we learn that the Gresham Life Assurance Society, as the result of its valuation up to the end of 1900, has decided not to declare any bonus on the present occasion. The surplus shown in the actuary's report is £80,000 for the five years, out of which the directors have to provide a sum of over £40,000 for the payment of an amount, in dispute with the Crown, for income tax on interest received abroad. In 1895 the distribution of £70,000 among the policy-holders only produced a reversionary bonus, varying from 4s. per cent. per annum on policies five years in force, to 10s. 5d. per cent. per annum on policies forty-seven years in force; and to declare a bonus at about half this rate would have been simply ludicrous. The company might, however, have been sufficiently ill-advised so to weaken the reserves as to bring out a larger surplus; happily they have not done this, and the passing of the bonus ought to have a distinctly beneficial effect upon the prospects of the company, especially by greatly decreasing the volume of new business. It is clearly in the interests of new policy-holders to assure elsewhere than with the Gresham, and it is no less clearly in the interests of existing policy-holders that the Society should take the most vigorous measures to cut down its expenditure, and to provide stronger reserves.

How necessary it is for the office to strengthen its reserves is apparent from the fact that its assurances are valued at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and its annuities partly at $3\frac{1}{2}$ and partly at 4 per cent. In times when other offices are valuing at 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent a valuation on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis must be considered quite inadequate, besides making practically impossible the realisation of anything like a decent bonus. If the Gresham liabilities were valued on a 3 per cent. basis there would be a large deficit, instead of the present surplus. We are glad to see that the directors desire "to strengthen the basis of valuation", and it is possible, if the "important matter" of expenses which "continues to engage the attention of the board" is adequately dealt with, that, if no bonus is declared for the next ten years, the Society may be able to adopt a 3 per cent. basis at the end of that period.

It is satisfactory to notice that the greatest increase in the assurances in force as compared with 1895 is in non-participating policies, since policy-holders are likely to lose less by paying the high non-profit rates of the Gresham, than by paying still higher participating rates for the chance of obtaining bonuses. To some extent these facts are being recognised, since whole-life policies with immediate participation in profits are nearly £1,000,000 less than they were five years ago. The Society however has a system of tontine bonuses, and policies in this class have increased by more than £1,000,000; this is a good illustration of the point to which we have often drawn attention, that the adoption of a tontine bonus system is a convenient way of disguising the poverty of immediate bonuses.

The Annual Report for 1900 scarcely exhibits the increased economy which the directors seem to claim. The percentage of the total premiums absorbed in expenses was 19·3 per cent. last year, as compared with 20·2 per cent. in 1899, and about 27 per cent. a few years ago. When we take account of the cost of new business the expenditure works out at 106 per cent. of new premiums, and one-tenth of this proportion for renewals, as compared with an average of about 103 per cent. for the previous five years, during which this expense ratio was never so high as it was in 1900.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, S.W., 17 June, 1901.

SIR,—I am fully in agreement with the SATURDAY REVIEW that the present system of obtaining recruits based on voluntary enlistment has hopelessly broken down.

I am only one of the hundreds of British officers who have been reluctantly obliged to come to this conclusion

after over 25 years spent in trying to make the voluntary system meet our requirements. But I would venture to urge that your proposal for a modified form of conscription, although excellent in its way, is at any rate at present going beyond the immediate necessities of the case.

Why not retain our present "voluntary" system for service abroad and by a readjustment of the Militia Ballot Act to meet modern requirements obtain the compulsory service of the necessary numbers for service at home? In time of war, as has been amply proved over and over again, the Militia would be available for service abroad or at any rate as many of them as might be required to bring regular battalions up to their effective strength and supply the necessary drafts—the true rôle of our Militia.

My reasons for suggesting this in place of your wider scheme of a modified conscription are that it could be easily and simply effected without in any way interfering with our Constitution and the general system of our National Defence. Even supposing the plan I suggest were found not to be entirely satisfactory, it would at any rate be a stepping-stone in the right direction and induce the nation to realise that some form of compulsion must sooner or later be adopted.

As you will see by my card, I am in no way connected with the Militia but prefer to subscribe my name as below, since it is notorious that our authorities are ever "intolerant of suggestions or advice" from those who are charged with carrying out the work of the Empire under them.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, RORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read your series of articles on "Army Reform" and Lord Newton's letter with the very greatest interest and pleasure. Lord Newton's suggestion as to a society for educating the country up to the standard of conscription is quite admirable.

I am positive that public opinion has advanced very much in recent years. Even in army circles some thirty years ago anybody who ventured to suggest that some limited form of conscription, such as you advocate, was specially adapted to the wants of the British Empire was laughed to scorn. I mention thirty years, as it will be within the recollection of many that, as the many evils and objections of the then newly introduced "short-service" system began to show themselves, people were looking on every side for some other means of filling our army. The old "long-service" system had hopelessly broken down, although I for one have ever considered that the small consideration shown to, not to say the ill-treatment of, the soldiers in those days, combined with the general raising of the standard of education in the masses, had not a little to do with this breakdown.

Paradoxical as it may appear, I believe our Volunteers have had something to do with this. The public have thought that while we have a large number of such excellent Volunteers, we need not go to the expense and pains of obtaining a real professional and effective standing army. I am not the less sensible of the value of these same Volunteers in training the mass of the nation—the middle-classes—to look upon soldiers and uniform as things not to be entirely despised. In fact they have thus by degrees educated many thousands of Englishmen, who would never otherwise have been brought into contact with the military world—to realise that there is something else in life beyond money-getting and that the men who thus cheerfully give up so much in return for so little, must be actuated by some higher motive. This is of itself of inestimable importance.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
GREY SCOUT.

THE LIFEBOAT FÊTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stafford House, 19 June, 1901.

SIR,—The National Lifeboat Institution is in sore need of funds. Last year there was a deficit of some £11,000. On Wednesday, 26 June, we are making a special effort to raise at least a portion of this sum.

Stafford House will at nine o'clock in the evening be

thrown open to the public, and those who are so inclined may for two guineas, or for three according to their ambitions, spend an agreeable evening and benefit an excellent cause.

I hope a large number of people will take advantage of the opportunity. But from those who may have other occupations on that date I earnestly beg a donation.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
MILlicent SUTHERLAND.

THE VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Metropolitan Public Gardens Association,
83 Lancaster Gate, W., 18 June, 1901.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to the article in your issue of the 15th inst. *re* the view from Richmond Hill, and to the correspondence in your columns on the same subject. I fully agree with Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, as to the desirability of preserving unimpaired the famous view from Richmond Hill, which on more than one occasion has been safeguarded by the efforts of Open Space Societies and others, but which again appears to be endangered by the advance of the builder.

Apparently the particular areas, about 150 acres in extent, which Sir Whittaker considers should now be rescued from the builder's hands, lie wholly on the north bank of the river, in the county of Middlesex, and I would suggest that, if he has not already secured an offer of the property at a fair price, negotiations should be entered into with the owners, and that, if reasonable terms can be arranged, the Middlesex County Council should be approached and asked to take up the scheme.

Two years ago the Secretary of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, noticing a Bill in Parliament dealing with Commons, proposed a clause for insertion therein to confer upon all County Councils the extensive open space powers until then possessed only by one County Council, viz. London, and Lord Teynham and myself were able to get it accepted and passed.

Hence Middlesex is the Council that can and should take the lead in the matter. It has, I am glad to say, under the able guidance of its chairman, Mr. R. D. M. Littler, K.C., already shown itself alive to the importance of its open space opportunities, notably in connexion with the acquisition of the Alexandra Park and Palace in the north, towards which it was the largest contributor, so it probably would not be unwilling to aid in providing a riverside space in the south-west of the county. If needful, it could ask for the help of the local district councils affected, and the Richmond Corporation, and if more assistance was requisite, it could apply to the County Councils of London and Surrey. By the powers which they now possess, County Councils are not confined to acquiring spaces within their own areas, but may go outside. Both these Councils are interested nearly as much as Middlesex. Londoners, especially the thousands who frequent the river, would largely use the space adjoining the river bank, whilst the County Council of Surrey and the Richmond Corporation cannot but feel desirous of helping forward any scheme for preserving the view for which their county is justly renowned.

I trust that such a combination of authorities would suffice to provide the requisite funds for carrying out Sir Whittaker's proposal.

It has to be borne in mind that not only the Richmond Hill view but the amenities of the river would be seriously affected if these riverside properties were allowed to fall into the builder's hands.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MEATH, Chairman.

D. S. M., MR. LAIDLAY, AND THE R.A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Laidlay's art novel cannot be held a failure since it has brought forth in your pages D. S. M.'s masterly analysis of the Academy reformer's progress decline and fall. But is D. S. M. fair to the novelist in assuming that in "Lena Laird" the Academy is given as Mr. Lang would say "no show"?

We have in the tale two commonplace young men of the ordinary middle class with like ambitions and professional aspirations. Underlying this face similarity however is that essential difference of character which it is the scope of the novelist to illustrate. It is of his art to apply the touchstone which shall separate the false from the true and I cannot see that any blame attaches to the choice of academic preferment as that touchstone. Slyme yields to the temptation, attempts to rise by "influence," and having once entered upon an evil path goes—surely not unnaturally—from bad to worse. Trevor preserves his self-respect and after passing through a very rough time—must not all novelists' heroes do so?—comes to such modest comfort as an "uninfluential" artist may still hope for as the meed of dogged perseverance. How the Academy system encourages sycophancy and depresses an independent and manly spirit is what the tale shows and the sooner the art-loving public takes the lesson to heart, the better.

Yours, &c.

CHARLES KAINS-JACKSON.

DRINK AND LIBERTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 June, 1901.

SIR,—Allow me the briefest of rejoinders to your editorial comment on my letter. I am aware that Toryism is not opposed to "State interference or paternal legislation" as such. It is in fact a little hard to be reminded of such an elementary fact when one has been attempting for many years, in a humble and essayish way, to explain how Toryism differs from Liberalism and Conservatism and how it is like the better Socialism. But there are bad fathers as well as good fathers, and the implication of your note is that *all* paternal legislation is agreeable to Tories. That is not so. The ideal of Toryism is the beneficent interaction of the different parts of the community, and an enormously disproportionate punishment to be inflicted on certain people because they have offended the exaggerated views of other people is especially abhorrent to true Tories. Because "liberty of the subject" has been invoked to protect social evils, it does not follow that no good man may use the phrase. I feel that I owe you a trifle of elementary instruction.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. S. STREET.

MAÎTRE LABORI IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 S. John's Wood Road N.W.

SIR,—One of your weekly contemporaries publishes so ungenerous and ignorant an attack on Maître Labori that I feel it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The first astounding assertion made by the writer of the article is that the great French lawyer won his reputation only through the Dreyfus case. This, of course, is as false as it is absurd; Maître Labori was recognised as one of the "leading lights" of the Paris Bar long before the first Zola trial. Later on, we learn that, while defending Colonel Picquart, Maître Labori displayed nervousness, was loquacious; that he is by no means eloquent, in no sense an orator. So ludicrous is this second charge that, when one remembers Maître Labori's masterly and incomparably brilliant cross-examination and speeches in the Palais de Justice, at Versailles and at Rennes, one feels that it would be almost ludicrous to repudiate it. But the third "point" is graver, altogether contemptible, and the most ignorant blunder in the article: for it expresses the opinion that Maître Labori stood ridiculed and dishonoured after the attempt on his life at Rennes, "an attempt that no Frenchman believed in". This is ignorance both impudent and absolute, and the writer should apologise to his readers for so wilfully misleading them by asserting that no Frenchman credited the attempt at assassination, when, as a matter of fact, Maître Labori received the sincere sympathy and congratulations on his escape from the President of the Court-martial and from thousands of Frenchmen, as well as from a French jury who unanimously awarded him damages against the "Libre Parole" for publishing the cowardly

libel now reproduced by your contemporary. As I was in Paris at the time, I can vouch for the sympathy and emotion that were provoked, even among certain anti-Dreyfusards, by the news that a dastardly outrage had prostrated the great French lawyer.

Since, Sir, you have courteously opened your columns to me on other occasions, I would prefer that my protest should appear in a review of the standing of the "SATURDAY" rather than in a paper which, in the present case, has displayed an utter disregard for dignity and truth.

Yours truly,

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

TOO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is perhaps natural that the "humble librettist" should imagine me quoting from the book of words sold at the doors of Covent Garden. On the other hand it is just as natural that the aggressive critic should think nothing of the book of words, but should refer to the pianoforte score for any quotations he might choose to make. I have never seen the separately printed book of words; but if the humble librettist will look at the pianoforte score he will find that I quoted precisely what stands there. His charge, therefore, of misquotation is entirely without foundation.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. R.

A SURREJOINDER TO MONSIGNOR VAUGHAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

92 Victoria Street, London, S.W., 18 June, 1901.

SIR,—I may be permitted to congratulate myself on the Monsignor's admission that my reply to his proposition that God made Jack but that Jack made himself the ripper would take a volume to refute. The precipitate flight of the Monsignor from his contention that it would be blasphemous to attribute the suffering of the Whitechapel victim to God and correct to attribute to Him the suffering of the drowning sailor seems to indicate that a further pursuit of that argument might bring upon him difficulties greater than any involved in a discussion with myself.

I hasten to offer him my congratulations on his abandonment in his last letter of any reliance on allusions to "baby cutlets" and similar flippancies. I may take heart also when I observe that the august figure of S. Augustine introduced for my confusion with so much circumstance as the coadjutor of the Monsignor in the discussion, has completely disappeared.

Comparison between the pain inflicted upon domestic animals in daily life and that inflicted in laboratories upon vivisected animals is illusory. Domestic animals outside licensed laboratories are protected by the law of the land from cruelty amounting to torture, and it is against the Vivisection Act which legalises torture of the extremest kind inside laboratories that I take leave to protest. But there is a wide difference between driving horses to death to escape from savages and vivisectioning them in a laboratory. In the present war it might be necessary on the march to force Boer prisoners to keep up with the column on foot until they dropped from exhaustion for fear they should if left behind communicate information to the enemy that would lead to the destruction of hundreds of our own soldiers. Most of us would recognise in such a case a horrible necessity. We should regret it but agree that in such circumstances it was justifiable. But no one in England would be found I trust to justify the torture of a Boer prisoner to obtain information from him even though that information would certainly save numbers of our soldiers from destruction. This parallel case sufficiently indicates the wide moral difference between acts that the Monsignor would persuade us are identical.

In conclusion I desire to point out that the Monsignor declares that he "in no way approves of cruelty", that the Bill I have prepared for Parliament would render cruelty in laboratories as illegal as Lord Lister has pronounced it to be unnecessary, and that in these circumstances it would be interesting to learn why the Monsignor does not support my parliamentary efforts instead of calling me illogical and inconsistent.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

REVIEWS.

THE BRIEF FOR BOLINGBROKE.

"Bolingbroke and his Times." By W. Sichel. London: Nisbet. 1901. 12s. 6d. net.

THE age of Anne has not been exhausted and the commanding figure of Bolingbroke is not as yet understood. This is Mr. Sichel's justification for presenting us with this new study of that most remarkable statesman, Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke. He claims that it is based on thorough and independent research. The claim is a just one, and the book is evidently the result of much painstaking study. Nevertheless we lay it down with a certain sense of disappointment. Of the earlier chapters, that on "The Social Atmosphere" might have been omitted. Though based on a thorough knowledge of the contemporary literature there is little in it that is new. Perhaps a consciousness of the fact that the subject was hackneyed has led Mr. Sichel to attempt to give it freshness by smartness of style, and explains that striving after epigram and antithetical effect which, though observable throughout the book, is most apparent in that chapter. Nor are the chapters that follow on the early life of St. John very satisfying. The style is still stilted and laboured and the narrative is frequently broken off by digressions which are irritating.

However as Mr. Sichel warms to his work and as his hero steps into public life these blemishes disappear to a great extent. The striving after effect is less obvious, the narrative is well sustained, and the evidence is well marshalled. Our chief criticism as to the remaining portion of the book is that there is a certain assumption of superior knowledge hitherto not shared by historians of the period or by biographers of Bolingbroke. We are constantly being told that the evidence produced "has never yet been cited" as if it were of momentous importance, just as we are treated to a picture of Lord Somers alone among the contemporaries of our hero for no better reason than that "the original is in the possession of Mr. Sichel"! That party spirit never ran higher than in the reign of Anne; that the Whig politicians were mainly intent on party interests; that their pamphleteers were unscrupulous and rancorous; that later Whig historians who for long monopolised the history of the eighteenth century were equally unjust, if not so scurrilous, cannot perhaps be too often asserted. Mr. Sichel has not only repeated the assertion, but driven it home and proved it by indubitable evidence. But we are no longer under the domination of this narrow and prejudiced school. The position of the Tories and of St. John himself has been more sympathetically treated of late, and, so far as we have been able to judge, Mr. Sichel has not succeeded in bringing any very material evidence to light which seriously impugns the estimate formed of his hero by such writers as Mr. Kebbel, Von Ranke, M. Rémusat, Mr. Wyon, Mr. Harrop, Mr. Churton Collins and Mr. Lecky.

First then as to his private character. Mr. Sichel admits that he was a libertine "as free in thought as he was in life" and seeks for a palliation for his profligacy in the character of the times, and by the assertion based on somewhat scant evidence that his wife at first condoned his infidelity. Turning to his character as statesman, Mr. Sichel claims for Bolingbroke that his policy was based on something higher than mere personal ambition, that he devoted himself heart and soul to the welfare of the Tory party, that his aim was from the first to reorganise it, and to establish it so strongly that it should be independent of any change of dynasty. This is excellent and without doubt gives the clue to the proper understanding of Bolingbroke's career. Yet it has often been said before, notably by Mr. Kebbel and by Mr. Harrop; and when Mr. Sichel goes on to prove from sentiments expressed in "The Dissertation on the State of Parties in the Reign of George I." and in "The Patriot King" that even in the reign of Anne, Bolingbroke was for a National rather than for a Tory party, we cannot follow him.

In the days of Walpole no doubt he decried Party

government because to adapt the words of Byron he saw

"Nought's permanent among the human race
Except the [Tories] not getting into place".

In the reign of Anne he had not yet adopted that clever specious policy of despair. He was then fighting the cause of the Tories, and fighting we must confess with conspicuous ability if with too much extravagance and too little scruple. Hence, as Mr. Sichel tells us (and as Mr. Harrop had already done) his strenuous support, sceptic though he was, of the Bill against occasional conformity and the Schism Act—measures which were advocated to strengthen the political influence of the Tory party. Hence his haste in hurrying on the Peace of Utrecht and in putting an end to a war which had been waged of late by a Whig faction in Whig interests. Hence his intrigues with the Jacobites, and hence the virulence with which his political enemies assailed him during his lifetime and after his death, a virulence which at least found its counterpart in the Tory pamphlets of his day and which Bolingbroke himself did not wonder at, since he expected no quarter from those whom he would not have spared had he been victorious.

It remains briefly to summarise the chief accusations brought against Bolingbroke and to inquire how far Mr. Sichel succeeds in rebutting them. First then he has been charged with negotiating behind the backs of his allies in the preliminaries leading to the Peace of Utrecht. This Mr. Sichel does not deny, but attempts to justify his hero by declaring that the Dutch and Austrians were playing the same game and that their conduct only differs from ours in that they failed while we succeeded. This no doubt is true enough, although it can scarcely be held a sufficient justification. More serious is the charge that the Duke of Ormond then in command of the English army was secretly ordered "to engage in no siege nor hazard any battle" and that the French were informed of this. Here Mr. Sichel triumphantly points out (p. 380) that the order was contrary to the wish of Bolingbroke, and that when it came to his knowledge he would, had he had the opportunity, have spoken to the Queen "in the first heat" against it. We are not told however that this defence was written some years after, when, as Mr. Harrop says, "the excitement of the events had passed away and the ignominy alone survived". Nor is this all. Bolingbroke himself practically abandons this position in the very next sentence when he declares that "the step was justifiable at that point of time in every respect".

As to the Peace itself few would now condemn it. The election of the Archduke Charles as Emperor had entirely altered the situation. It was neither expedient nor perhaps possible to force the Spaniards to accept a king against their will, and future events were to prove that the Tories were right in preferring the uncertainty of the greater danger involved in allowing a Bourbon to hold the throne of Spain, to the certainty of the lesser which would be incurred by uniting the Austrian dominions and the Spanish kingdom in the hands of the Hapsburg Emperor. But this does not acquit the Tories of enabling the French by their policy to obtain better terms than they could reasonably have expected, nor of having shamefully abandoned the Catalans who had supported the cause of our claimant the Archduke Charles now Emperor. As to the Catalans a feeble attempt was made to secure them an amnesty and full possession of their estates honours and privileges, but in Mr. Sichel's words "their obduracy and obstinacy in continuing what was now a rebellion" was held to be a sufficient justification for leaving them to the mercy of Philip of Anjou, who disregarded the remonstrance addressed to him. That Bolingbroke himself admitted the other charge Mr. Sichel is bound to confess, but tells us that he threw blame on the Allies abroad and the Whigs at home who through mere factiousness supported them. That there is some force in this defence may be well allowed, yet at a later date Bolingbroke admits that the Peace was urgently desired by the Tories since "the Peace had been judged with reason to be the only solid foundation whereupon we could

erect a Tory system". (Remarks on the History of England, Letter 8, quoted by Mr. Sichel, p. 261.) If then the factiousness of the Whigs contributed to the unsatisfactory character of the terms, the Tories too must share the blame. Their interests imperatively demanded that the war should end, and to their party interests the broader questions of European policy were subordinated.

But here the most difficult and the most contentious of the controversies which surge around the name of Bolingbroke arises. What did the party interests demand? In other words was the Peace intended to be a stalking-horse for the restoration of the Pretender, and was Bolingbroke intriguing for this end when the death of the Queen suddenly upset his calculations? Mr. Sichel holds that he has completely acquitted his hero of such an accusation. Space will not allow us to discuss the evidence adequately. Suffice it to say that Bolingbroke can only be acquitted on this count by convicting him purposely of deceiving the Jacobites at home and the friends of the Pretender abroad. That this was done to gain the support of the Jacobites and to win them over to the Tory side is highly probable. But on the final question as to the ultimate object of these intrigues we believe that no certainty is attainable simply because Bolingbroke himself had not made up his mind.

To reorganise the Tory party and to secure its victory—this was the real aim of this scheming clever statesman. But whether it was to triumph under a Hanoverian King or under the Pretender himself was a matter of comparative indifference which time and circumstances alone would decide. For the Stuarts Bolingbroke had no enthusiasm, yet the accession of the Elector, poisoned as his mind had been by the Whig malcontents, was full of menace to the Tory party. If only the Pretender could be induced to change his religion his accession might yet be popular; if not the Jacobites might be gradually weaned from their impracticable attitude. Meanwhile they must be conciliated lest they should break away. This we believe to have been the attitude of Bolingbroke when the premature death of the Queen gave the victory to his enemies, and drove him to that rash act of an attempted Jacobite rebellion which ruined his own political career for ever, and excluded his party from office for nigh two generations. Here Mr. Sichel stops with the promise of a second volume to come. We await it with some interest. We do not indeed expect to see the judgments of recent writers reversed, nor any very new material produced. Nevertheless the later career of this brilliant and versatile if unscrupulous statesman must always be deeply attractive. We are anxious to learn how Mr. Sichel will justify the political somersaults of this mercurial politician, and whether, as in all appearance he intends to do, he will attempt to prove that the "Idea of a Patriot King" was a serious programme, which, but for the unkindliness of fortune and the corrupt and interested opposition of the Whigs, might have been put into practice to the advantage of the English people.

BISMARCK IN LOVE.

"The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck." Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. London: Heinemann. 1901. 20s. net.

IT is the observation of the "Times" reviewer that these Letters "throw a new light on the character of Prince Bismarck". Apparently the reviewer started with the idea that Prince Bismarck carried his "blood and iron" policy into his domestic life, and was agreeably surprised to find from the two volumes before us that the grim Chancellor was a simple and affectionate husband. We had no such prepossession, and as soon as we read in the introductory note that the publishers had deleted "a certain proportion of matter of such purely national and local interest as to be tedious, and often unintelligible, to English readers"; and further that "the letters written during the Franco-Prussian war have unfortunately not yet been discovered among the family papers", we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and commonplace endearments of domestic correspondence. We do not of course know what was

the exact nature of the "matter" suppressed by the publishers. Many clever men do not treat their wives as intellectual equals, and will not talk or write to them about the serious interests of their lives. If this is true of clever men generally, it is more likely to be true of Bismarck in particular, for German women do not occupy an important place in the political and intellectual life of their country. The conception of the wife as the "house-mother", and nothing else, is not confined to the middle and lower classes in Germany, and it may well be that the publishers have deprived us of nothing valuable. Certain it is that they have not left us much that is valuable, for more ordinary and uninteresting letters we do not remember to have read. When the reader has gathered the fact, which he will do from the first fifty pages, that Prince Bismarck was a man of strong domestic affections, he may, unless he has a morbid appetite for the dressing-gown-and-slipper blandishments of eminent persons, lay the book down with the assurance that he has extracted its marrow. There is certainly little else to be learned from the Letters. This is the more disappointing as for the latter half of the last century Germany, or Prussia, was the pivot of European politics, and Bismarck for the greater part of his life was at the centre of Prussian politics. The year 1849, for instance, was most critical and exciting: the ancient monarchies of Europe were shaken to their foundation by the revolution which drove Louis Philippe out of France. Nowhere was the contest between the old order and the new more exciting than in Berlin. Bismarck was in Berlin at the time: he was a young man of good connexions, with his foot on the first rung of the official ladder. Nothing would have been more interesting than his confidential view of the situation: yet with dynasties tottering all round him, he writes, "My love—It is very solitary here in my little room when I have to drink my coffee all alone, and your little bed is once more so littered with clothing and papers that it is in extreme disorder". This kind of thing is all very well, and, were it merely the background to the picture of great men and things which the writer was painting, it would be artistic. But there is little else but this baby-talk throughout the Letters, which after all might have been written by any Wilhelm or Friedrich or Franz to his "dear heart". During the period when Napoleon III. was helping to drive Austria out of Lombardy and Venice there are only one or two letters from Bismarck, who was away in Copenhagen and S. Petersburg a good deal of the time. There are one or two graphic letters written in 1866 during the war between Prussia and Austria, and the following extract, dated 9 July, 1866, is full of statesmanlike wisdom. "We are doing well, in spite of Napoleon; if we are not extravagant in our claims, and do not imagine we have conquered the world, we shall achieve a peace that will be worth our trouble. But we are as easily intoxicated as disheartened, and it is my thankless task to pour water into the foaming wine, and to insist that we do not live alone in Europe, but with three other Powers which hate and envy us." That is a stroke in Bismarck's best manner, for it was his sober commonsense, quite as much as his clear-headed resolution, that made him the arbiter of Europe. The letters written during the Franco-German war, the publishers tell us, are not yet discovered. But there is one letter dated 3 September, 1870, which gives a description of the surrender of Napoleon III. after Sedan.

"Without washing or breakfasting I rode towards Sedan, found the Emperor in an open carriage with three adjutants, and three more at hand in the saddle, on the main road before Sedan. I dismounted, saluted him as politely as in the Tuileries, and asked his commands. He desired to see the King. I told him, as was true, that his Majesty's quarters were fourteen miles away, at the place where I am writing now. Upon his asking whither he should betake himself, I offered him, since I was unfamiliar with the region, my quarters at Donchéry, a village on the Maas close to Sedan; he accepted them, and drove, escorted by his six Frenchmen, by me, and by Carl, who meanwhile had ridden after me, through the lonely morning, towards our lines. He was distressed before reaching

the place, because of the possible crowds, and asked me if he might not stop at a workman's house by the roadside. I had it examined by Carl, who reported that it was poor and dirty. 'N'importe', said Napoleon, and I mounted a narrow, rickety staircase with him. In a room ten feet square, with a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, we sat for an hour, the others staying below. A mighty contrast to our last interview, in '67, at the Tuileries! Our conversation was difficult, as I tried to avoid touching on things painful to those whom God's mighty Hand had overthrown. I had sent Carl to fetch officers from the city, and request Moltke to come. We then sent out one of the officers to reconnoitre, and discovered, a couple of miles off, at Fresnois, a little château with a park. Thither I conducted him, with an escort of the Cuirassier bodyguards, which was meanwhile brought up, and there we concluded the capitulation with Wimpfen, the French general-in-chief. By its terms, from forty to sixty thousand French—I do not yet know the number exactly—have become our prisoners, with everything they have. The two preceding days cost France one hundred thousand men and an Emperor. He started early this morning, with all his Court, horses, and carriages, for Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel." This letter is a purple patch, and had these volumes contained even a reasonable number of similar descriptions of great events, we should have had, what we have not, an interesting and almost invaluable contribution to European history and political autobiography.

LITERATURE BEFORE LIFE.

"Literary Friends and Acquaintance. A Personal Retrospect of American Authorship." By W. D. Howells. New York and London: Harpers. 1901. 10s. 6d.

MR. HOWELLS is one of those American novelists who see life discreetly, and the realism of his portraits of literary people is not less mild than that of his portraits of the humble people of his invention. As a critic he objects to romance, and along with romance he leaves the more vehement passions out of his world. His people are not greatly impelled to leave undone the things which for the most part they leave undone; they reject action languidly and for a multitude of secondary reasons into which no fundamental instincts ever come. They have the interest of a quiet probability; no one can say that they are exaggerated, or that they disturb our beliefs or our feelings at all painfully. And Mr. Howells is gentle with them, faintly humorous, indulgent rather than of any broad tolerance. With ideas of literature he is often less urbane, and for this reason, that life appeals to him much less keenly than literature. In this book he tells us of his first sight of the sea, at Portland, Maine, and of his disappointment. "But", he adds, "there was something at Portland vastly more to me than seas or continents, and that was the house where Longfellow was born". Nature, as well as life, has always meant less to him than the things which poets and prose-writers have said about it. Nor is he concerned at first hand with ideas; always with ideas as expressed in books. He believes in realism, disbelieves in romance, as a method for fiction; and, in his criticisms, has tried and found guilty many of the greatest imaginative writers because he has found them lacking in what to him is realism. He is capable of becoming both fierce and insolent in this process, with a fierceness and insolence tempered only by a calm consciousness of infallibility. But in these personal recollections he falls pleasantly back into that attitude towards life which has made his novels what they are. These men and women of letters have interested him more than the people whom he has studied and made into novels, for they are only half mere living creatures and for the rest the vital machinery of books. That is why they mean so much to him, why he writes of them so temperately and with a kind of sympathetic and almost humble respect.

The principal American writers whom he talks to us about at any length are Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. His estimate of Longfellow is a little sur-

prising, especially in one who can appreciate Hawthorne so justly as does Mr. Howells when he comes to write about him. In his account of Longfellow he says: "He and Hawthorne were classmates at college, but I never heard him mention Hawthorne; I never heard him mention Whittier or Emerson. I think his reticence about his contemporaries was largely due to his reluctance from criticism: he was the finest artist of them all, and if he praised he must have praised with the reservations of an honest man". Longfellow a finer artist than Hawthorne! Longfellow hesitating to speak of Emerson from motives of kindness! On a later page we are told that America has had only two complete artists, Hawthorne and Longfellow; and this time Mr. Howells hesitates, finally summing up: "I shall not undertake to say which was the greater artist of these two; but I am sure that everyone who has studied it must feel with me that the art of Longfellow held out to the end with no touch of decay in it, and that it equalled the art of any other poet of his time". With such opinions there is no arguing; the gentlest hint as to the real position of Longfellow among the other poets of his time would but seem to Mr. Howells a repetition of the British outrage which he so sternly reproves a little earlier in his book. Longfellow, he tells us, "had no prejudice against Englishmen, and even at a certain time when the coarse-handed British criticism began to blame his delicate art for the universal acceptance of his verse, and to try to sneer him into the rank of inferior poets, he was without rancour for the clumsy misliking that he felt". The fact is that Mr. Howells, like most American critics, is too ready, when dealing with his fellow-countrymen, to discuss the qualities of things which are not always any nearer existence than the Emperor's new clothes in Hans Andersen's exquisite allegory. That, to be sure, is a weakness not peculiar to American criticism: do we not ourselves write solemn articles about the relative merits of this poet and that, this novelist and that, without stating clearly at the outset that neither poet nor novelist is worth taking seriously at all? Mr. Howells has much to tell us of gentlemen and ladies of letters whose interest, at the most, does not extend beyond Boston. Even here, when he confines himself to personal gossip, he can be read with pleasure. His personal account of Longfellow is not less agreeable as a glimpse of a once famous writer because he still takes that writer at too lofty a valuation. His estimate of Lowell and of Holmes is a more reasonable one, and his analysis of the two men as he knew them full of charm and interest. Lowell could hardly be better summed up than in this confession of inability to sum him up: "He did not, indeed, make one impression upon me, but a thousand impressions, which I should seek in vain to embody in a single presentment. What I have cloudily before me is the vision of a very lofty and simple soul, perplexed, and as it were surprised and even dismayed at the complexity of the effects from motives so single in it, but escaping always to a clear expression of what was noblest and loveliest in itself at the supreme moments, in the divine exigencies". And an incidental phrase on Walt Whitman puts the truth, if not sympathetically, at least succinctly: "His verse seems to me not poetry, but the materials of poetry, like one's emotions". That is far from being the whole truth, but, so far as it goes, nothing truer has been said on one of the simplest and most misunderstood subjects. Mr. Howells is perhaps a little too anxious to remind us that he too has written verses. From the lines which he quotes we can hardly venture to conjecture that they contain even the materials of poetry.

"The silvern chords of the piano trembled" is not an impressive line, and it is difficult for the reader to take as much interest as Lowell appears to have taken in the comparative merits of these two forms of another line:

"And what she would, would rather that she would not"

and
"And what she would, would rather she would not so".

Mr. Howells says in his introductory note: "I wish

to make of my own personality merely a background which divers important figures are projected against, and I am willing to sacrifice myself a little in giving them relief". He has, it is true, sacrificed himself a little; but the background is there, and it throws up the "important figures" vividly.

ETHICS AND SOCIALISM.

"The Methods of Ethics." By Henry Sidgwick. Sixth Edition. London: Macmillan. 1901. 14s. net.

"The Principles of Morality." By Wilhelm Wundt. London: Sonnenschein. 1901. 7s. 6d.

"Social Justice." By Westel Woodbury Willoughby. London: Macmillan. 1900.

"The Social Problem." By J. A. Hobson. London: Nisbet. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

"Government or Human Evolution: Individualism and Collectivism." Vol. II. By Edmond Kelly. London: Longmans. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the first edition of the well-known book which stands at the head of this list Professor Sidgwick almost apologised for offering to the public a new work upon a subject so trite as Ethics. It is indeed true that nothing is more appallingly hackneyed than the treatment of ethical subjects in the ordinary text-books known as Handbooks of Moral Philosophy. What is not conventional comment on the Ten Commandments, which is really not necessary, is dogmatic statement of metaphysical or psychological mysteries about which interminable controversies have been waged and which remain, as they will ever remain, the vexatæ questiones of philosophy. It was a particularly hard case for the author of a handbook of this kind who in one of his capacities was a preacher of Calvinistic theology, and hence a necessitarian, and in another a professor of moral philosophy and teacher of Free Will. We say this knowing now, what we did not know when we used to listen to the Professor's prelections, how brilliantly Professor Sidgwick in his chapter on Free Will had tried to save him from this awkward position by minimising the importance of the controversy. The truth is his theological theory was what his ethical theory ought to have been and his ethical theory what should have been his theological theory to keep up with the times. He would have been modern in his ethics though remaining antiquated in his theology, if with the Professor at Oxford and the Professor at Leipzig he had held to the determinism which would seem a more natural complement of his theology than a libertarian theory. Theoretically our two Professors hold that we must be determinists, that is our wills are the expressions of our characters. Whatever may be said about the metaphysical theory of the will it does not operate independently of causal connexion and the motives which determine us are the product of our natural dispositions and the circumstances of our lives as citizens and individuals. What there is to be said about the theory has the interest which unsolved questions have for students and they may be referred to Professor Wundt for his explanation of the errors which have led to the confusion between freedom and non-causality. The plain man will see in determinism as just stated his own common-sense view of his relations to his actions, and when Professor Wundt has said all he has to say, we do not find anything inconsistent with Professor Sidgwick's statement that so far as the general regulation of conduct is concerned, whether of the individual or of society, the controversy is practically unimportant. Free will does not make unnecessary, nor determinism make invalid, any of the means educational or disciplinary by which the growth of individuals or societies in morality is to be accomplished.

It is here that the other books on the list touch the subject of individual ethics with which the books of Professor Sidgwick and Professor Wundt are more directly concerned. They are contributions to the growing literature of sociology; a criticism of society and an attempt at applying the conception of justice in the present industrial and economic sphere particularly. It is no hard matter to launch a formidable indictment against the ethical shortcomings and the

economic waste of the system of individualism. The subject matter of all these books is very much the same in this respect. There is equally little difficulty in showing that the extension of the State's action into many departments from which extreme individualists would exclude it has been for the most part beneficial, may usefully be pushed much further than it has yet been, that the trend of opinion is in favour of further experiments being tried, and that they are in fact inevitable. So much is a common feature of these books. But there is another common feature in the books of Mr. Hobson and Mr. Kelly and many others of the same class, which we consider does more harm than good. For the most part they are nothing but exercises in fancy and imagination. Any attempted reconstruction of society must have the appearance of a Utopia. It is a task too great for any human intellect to forecast a society of the future which assumes the total disappearance of all the conditions to which men have been accustomed from their birth. The results of any such attempt must appear grotesque and impossible, and what is worse, if the attempt is made in order to excite enthusiasm, very undesirable. These writers should take example from the theologians who in their descriptions of the happiness and perfection of the other life have learned to be judiciously vague, knowing from experience that they are apt to become far more tiresome than stimulating. Socialism as a method, as a rival of individualism in doing much which has been left with very unsatisfactory results to competition, can be tested by experience. Ideal socialism which attempts to assign to each man his position in society, which assumes that the value of each man's services can be estimated and rewarded exactly on a theoretical principle of justice, either according to the intrinsic value of his labour or according to what Mr. Hobson, for example, chooses to consider his needs, is a futile excursion into a remote future which exasperates people against socialism more than it convinces them. All this sort of thing belongs to the faddism and fanaticism of socialism, and the enthusiasts and theorists who spend their time in devising schemes of a socialist State are as idly busy as the dreamers who before socialism was heard of constructed paper political constitutions which had no other fault but that they were too ideally perfect and therefore utterly impracticable. Sane socialists would not, if they had the chance, at present care to attempt governing a State organised on any ideal plan that has yet been suggested, and as they are no longer in a hurry to attempt the impossible, socialism has discarded the revolutionary programme. This has removed a great deal of prejudice against it and its next step should be to cease issuing so much imaginative literature of the "Looking Backward" type. It prevents many people from treating it as seriously as it should be treated; and even from regarding the very competent authors themselves with the respect their able books deserve. Mr. Willoughby who is a professor of political science in the Johns Hopkins University must be excepted from the criticism. His book is a wholly practical and scientific treatment of the ethics of society. If he were not an American and Mr. Hobson were not an Englishman, we should be tempted to say that Mr. Kelly being an American (he was lately a lecturer on municipal government at Columbia University, New York) had naturally Bellamyised his interesting book too much. Besides, two American ladies are the translators of Wundt's Ethics which is as severely restrained as one could wish. Having mentioned this, we ought to add that the present edition of Sidgwick's book is by Miss Jones of Girton.

TWO BOOKS ON ABYSSINIA.

"Modern Abyssinia." By Augustus B. Wyld. London: Methuen. 1901.

"Abyssinia: Through the Lion-Land to the Court of the Lion of Judah." By Herbert Vivian. London: Pearson. 1901. 15s.

THERE are different ways of showing education and the two books before us manifest the difference. Mr. Vivian writes like a witty and cultivated person,

with no lack of scholarship: Mr. Wylde is not only destitute of all literary qualifications, he seldom writes a page without gross inaccuracies of grammar. But, per contra, Mr. Wylde has been familiar with the countries bordering on the Red Sea for a full generation, he has seen Abyssinia both in war and peace, and he has travelled through great tracts of it, reaching Addis Abeba from Massowah, whereas Mr. Vivian (who by the way remarks that no European has gone from Addis Abeba to Massowah since the days of Portuguese influence) limited his exploration to the simple journey from Zeila by Harar to the capital and back again. It is not surprising therefore that Mr. Wylde's infinitely worse-written book should be of immensely greater value than Mr. Vivian's amusing but superficial narrative: and where the views of the two writers differ we prefer to trust to Mr. Wylde. Mr. Vivian for example holds that England can at any moment sweep the Abyssinian power out of existence by a move from Egypt: Mr. Wylde is strongly of opinion that for a long time to come Abyssinia must have the Soudan at its mercy. Mr. Vivian thinks as meanly of the Abyssinian army as the mass of Englishmen did of the Boer forces before the war; Mr. Wylde who has seen their system of mobilisation working regards it as highly effective and speaks well of the Abyssinians as fighting men. And concerning the pivot of the situation it is obvious which of the two men is right. Mr. Vivian thinks that we can buy out France from Jibouti, because French Somaliland is costing France some £15,000 a year. Mr. Wylde on the other hand sees that France holds there "a stick to beat either Italy or England" and has not the least intention of relinquishing it. The facts are pretty plain. Menelik is an able man, his country has no seaboard. It is vital to him to have a line of communication with the sea. France has done him an immense service by at any rate starting a line of rail and constructing a fine harbour. If England likes to construct a line from Zeila, and Italy to push her rail from Massowah, Menelik will no doubt be all the better pleased, and French trade will suffer. But France has ceased to be a danger to Abyssinia: she is only technically a neighbour: whereas Erythrea (now rapidly becoming a thriving colony, by Mr. Wylde's account) is always a menace, and England has a frontier both on the east and the west of Menelik's kingdom. Therefore, whatever happens, he will not break with France; and France by maintaining her position has always the opportunity to embroil England in a war with a power very much better equipped and organised than that of the Dervishes, in a country over whose difficulties Mr. Wylde is emphatic, and moreover to supply that power indefinitely with the means of continuing a conflict. One may regret the facts but cannot alter them: and it is silly to scold like a fishwife, as Mr. Vivian does, at any mention of the French name. France may be administering her Somali possessions badly; but her African administration compares by no means ill with ours and the cheap and shorthanded system in British Somaliland which Mr. Vivian eulogises has resulted, as such systems are apt to do, in a war. Mr. Wylde likes the French methods no better than Mr. Vivian does, but he sees that they are rational, and predicts grave danger from them in the event of Menelik's death. That Menelik desires peace is admitted on all hands: the proof, which Mr. Wylde says should be conclusive, has been given, for in all our difficulties he has not pressed for an adjustment of the Egyptian frontier: whatever pressure has existed for that settlement has come, we fancy, from us. But if Menelik dies, there must be a disputed title, and the French may succeed in backing a candidate successfully. Colonel Harrington's personal influence has no doubt been excellent but it seems at least questionable whether we are wise to allow our neighbours to get so far ahead of us in opening up the country. Common policy would seem to dictate a railroad from Zeila.

The political question is of course uppermost; but Abyssinia is also of the highest interest as a land of survivals; of feudal monarchy, of a very ancient and separate Christianity, whose ritual Mr. Vivian describes; and of a still more remote Hebrew tradition, more documents of which should be discovered by explora-

tion at the sacred city of Axum, visited more than once by Mr. Wylde. Mr. Wylde's book has a great deal of information about the unhappy Italian campaign and the horrible traces of its battles, and also concerning the leading figures in Abyssinian politics. His book is in short essential to anyone who wishes to make a study of almost anything relating to the country.

LORD LILFORD'S LETTERS.

"Lord Lilford." A Memoir by his Sister. With an Introduction by the Bishop of London. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 10s. 6d.

IN his charming foreword to this volume the late Dr. Creighton bears witness to the lovable qualities and the sterling character of the late Lord Lilford. Dr. Creighton admits that personally he knows nothing whatever of ornithology, notwithstanding which he derived no slight pleasure from his acquaintance with the subject of this book. Even in these days, when country life in its various phases interests so many, there are numbers of people who pride themselves on having no time-devouring "hobby", as they are pleased to call the study of birds or flowers or butterflies, and who believe that a man who delights in ornithology or entomology is incapable of practical work or serious thought. Against stupidity such as this it is idle to contend—the gods would do so in vain—but to more intelligent people who are in some doubt as to the value of natural history, the case of Lord Lilford may be commended. Though, owing partly to his dislike of publicity and partly to grievous ill-health, Lord Lilford took no part in public affairs, he had an intellect which might have carried him near some of the highest offices in the State; and that his intellect was stimulated by the study of natural history cannot be doubted. He remained however, owing to the causes mentioned, a private man, and is only known to a certain section of the public as an ardent lover of birds, and to a still smaller section as the writer of some finely produced volumes on the subject. Whilst fully recognising Lord Lilford's excellence of life and aims, we are still doubtful whether there is any need for a life of him, unless it be for private circulation among friends and relatives. Certainly the collection of letters now published is not of an illuminating character. These letters are of no particular value from the point of view of the scientific ornithologist, nor have they any literary interest. We are really not concerned to know what Lord Lilford thought of the pictures of birds which Mr. Thorburn and other bird artists drew for his books, and the notes about birds at Lilford, both wild and in confinement, are of a very slight description. At Lilford the ornithologist kept large numbers of birds in aviaries, being particularly partial to the birds of prey. Lord Lilford was a humane man, and it is certain that he would have released every captive rather than consciously have practised any useless cruelty. To our mind, however, there are few more dismal sights than eagles, hawks, or owls in aviaries; we would infinitely rather see small singing birds caged than these large noble creatures. One associates the eagle with the mountain side and summit, the peregrine with the dizzy heights of the bold sea cliff, the owl with the night woods; in a cage they are entirely out of place, pitiable to look at.

NOVELS.

"The Crisis." By Winston Churchill. London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

The misleading accident of a name and the rumour of an enormous vogue in the United States afford the only claims of "The Crisis" to be looked at in this country. The best definition of it may be borrowed from Euclid: we have seen no more conspicuous example of length without breadth. Mr. Churchill has endeavoured to depict the period of the Confederate War by crowding together an enormous number of irrelevant incidents entirely destitute of interest. A typical chapter is entitled "How the Prince Came", and a few lines may be quoted to exhibit the literary graces which find favour among Transatlantic readers: "But the Fair,

the Fair! At the thought of that glorious year my pen fails me. . . . That was the year that Miss Virginia Carvel was given charge of the booth in Dr. Posthelwaite's church—the booth next one of the great arches through which prancing horses and lowing cattle came. Now who do you think stopped at the booth for a chat with Miss Jinny? Who made her blush as pink as her Paris gown? Who slipped into her hand the contribution for the church, and refused to take the cream candy she laughingly offered him as an equivalent? None other than Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester and Carrick, Baron Renfrew and Lord of the Isles. Out of compliment to the Republic which he visited, he bore the simple title of Lord Renfrew. Apart from all questions of taste, here supererogatory, there is no justification for introducing at length a character entirely foreign to the plot and purpose of the story. And Mr. Churchill does not merely maunder; he is frequently mawkish. He has an irritating habit of interjecting silly lamentations and running commentaries. "Oh, that you might have a notion of the way in which Virginia pronounced *intolerable*": "they took them (oh, the pity of it!) they took them to Mr. Lynch's slave pen". Mr. Churchill entirely fails to arouse the slightest interest in any of his characters or any sympathy for the various political and fictitious heroes on whom he lavishes his fulsome praises.

"Karadac, Count of Gerzy." By K. and Hesketh Prichard. London: Constable. 1901. 6s.

Romances, which choose their figures from a bygone and little known period, secure in general a greater liberty in treatment rather at the risk of attenuating the bond of the reader's sympathy. The present authors have aimed at avoiding this danger by a passionate treatment of the perennial love motive, with all the complexities of the rivalries, the non-requitals and the wrath between friends working like "madness in the brain" which follow from it under adverse destinies. The setting chosen is the Channel Islands about the time of the Norman Conquest, and the story is told with a direct intensity of treatment, heightened by brief but forcible impressions of primitive natural scenery, which carries considerable conviction and effect. The weakness of the book, one rare in contemporary fiction, is in fact its very concentration; the treatment chosen admits of no relief, and the unbroken tension of strongly emotional narrative in a highly wrought poetic style becomes at times excessive. Its atmosphere is rather that of dithyramb or tragedy than the milder ether proper to prose fiction, which may fitly cheer, perhaps, but not inebriate.

"The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges." By Mrs. Lynn Linton. London: Hutchinson. 1900. 6s.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Lynn Linton would have made many modifications before allowing this story to brave the light. The idea of an old woman recovering her youth and beauty is not less good because it is not precisely new, and the author has shown great skill in illustrating the workings of an old soul in a young body, the mixture of strength and satiety, the possibilities of *si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*. But, though the story opens well with a promise of absorbing interest, it depresses as it proceeds. The note of unhappiness is often unnecessarily cynical and sometimes outrages psychical possibilities. Still, the work possesses many excellences, and we believe that it would have been far better if Mrs. Linton had lived to revise it.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Swallowfield and its Owners." By Lady Russell. London: Longmans. 1901. £2 2s. net.

This is a sumptuous book on one of the great historical houses of Berkshire. Swallowfield is a mine of memories that go back to Domesday and the Conquest itself. After the Revolution Clarendon lived there, and on one occasion entertained John Evelyn, who gives a delightful description of the place in his Diary; in much later days it passed into the hands of the Russell family. Lady Russell gives a pleasant note or

two concerning Mary Russell Mitford, who lived in this neighbourhood, and Charles Kingsley: the former lies in Swallowfield churchyard, the latter in Eversley.

"The Story of Assisi." By Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen and M. Helen James. London: Dent. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

Strange as it may seem this is, we believe, the first book written in English on the world-famed city of S. Francis, and we bid it welcome. When it is considered that the author is English, that she has not spent a life-time in Umbria, that she does not hold the Faith of an Umbrian, it seems wonderful with what sympathy and intelligence she writes of Francis, his Order, his country and his religious belief. There is evidence of much patient research, of a steady endeavour to be accurate in the presentment of facts, of book-learning and of the knowledge—so necessary in writing a book about any part of Italy—which comes of constant converse in cottages and sacristies, on hill-sides and in hostleries. In one respect Miss Duff Gordon's task was of exceptional difficulty. She had to write the history of a small city of Umbria which has witnessed the birth of one of the greatest Saints and one of the mightiest Orders of Christendom. How difficult to keep a just proportion between her story and the life of the Saint! But she has been very successful in this respect and her skill calls for special commendation. We regret to notice in a book, where we find so much to praise, that the author has thought it necessary to vindicate the relationship between S. Francis and S. Clare. If it is, as she says, "degrading even to hint at such an ending", it is equally degrading, because wholly unnecessary, to refer to it in any way, even to recall that some scoundrelly sectary or senseless villain may once have hinted at some such thing. Perhaps a new edition will see this vindication expunged.

"The Elements of Darwinism." By A. J. Ogilvy. London: Jarrold. 1901. 2s. 6d.

This little primer of Darwinism should be useful, for it is admirably clear and concise. Mr. Ogilvy has done his work well, but if his book comes out by and by in a new edition, as it deserves, we hope he will cut out one or two vulgarisms: he writes for instance of Nature being careless of the lives of rabbits which only help "to keep the hawks and dogs and weasels going". Mr. Ogilvy's conclusion or summary is interesting. Evolution, he reminds his readers, is not suggested as anything more than a process, an explanation of the way in which Nature works, not of the power that enables her to work: "it makes no attempt to explain how the universe came into existence, or what set it going once it was in existence". The mystery of all mysteries, which it occurred to Shelley in a moment of over-confidence he might have solved had his friend not pulled him out of the pool of water in the Italian forest, is after all not in the least degree cleared up by Evolution, great though that discovery was.

"American History told by Contemporaries." Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901.

This book, edited by Professor Hart of Harvard, embodies an excellent idea if judiciously carried out, as in this case it has been. A collection of speeches, despatches, and personal narratives dealing with a certain period of a country's history forms a most valuable assistance to the student and we should like to see the precedent set in America followed in regard to our own history. The period here dealt with (1783-1845) is illustrated by extracts from speeches by Daniel Webster, Jefferson's Presidential Messages, Franklin's Essays, Whittier's poems, Monroe's original promulgation of his "doctrine", accounts of travel showing the state of the country, all which could only be turned out by the reader from original sources with immense labour. We congratulate both editor and publisher on the production of a most useful work which we hope is to be brought up to date.

"The People of China: their Country, History, Life, Ideas and Relations with the Foreigner." By J. W. Robertson-Scott. London: Methuen. 1900. 3s. 6d.

The task indicated by the title of this little volume is encyclopædic, and the attempt to grapple with it in 180 pages is as creditable to the author's courage as the measure of success which he has attained is creditable to his powers of condensation. Mr. Robertson-Scott has been satisfied to compile. He has, he tells us, gathered his "facts, incidents and opinions from as many sources as practicable", but he admits frankly that he is, as Confucius said of himself, a "transmitter". No one familiar with the subject will expect to find here anything he did not know. The people the author had in view, presumably, are those who do not know; and, in placing at their disposal a comprehensive handbook at a moderate price, he has performed a useful service.

"Her Royal Highness Woman." By Max O'Rell. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901.

Two specimens of Max O'Rell's wit and wisdom will suffice to show the kind of book he has spun out. "Never let her (i.e. your wife) see you asleep. Maybe you sleep with your mouth open." If you are married, let your wife sleep first. When you are quite sure she is off, let yourself go—and be

careful to wake up first in the morning". "Love sanctifies everything. Men and women, who really love each other and are faithful, are virtuous."

"The Chevalier De S. George and the Jacobite Movements 1701-1720." London: Nutt. 1901. 6s.

This is the fourth of the series of books called "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers". It is produced in the attractive form, which Mr. David Nutt is making his own, and edited by Mr. Charles Sanford Terry. It is not, however, so readable as it looks, though full of passages from memoirs, collections and old works relating to this period in Scottish history which must be valuable to the student.

"George Eliot." By Clara Thomson. London: Kegan Paul. 1901. 2s. net.

This is one of a series called "The Westminster Biographies". The work of boiling down the life of George Eliot must have been a depressing one. However the author seems to have done her task, such as it was, conscientiously. She really ought not, however, to speak of Godalming as a "refuge for the literary Londoner". The place is surely not so bad as all that.

"Tales of the Stumps." By Horace Bleackley. London: Ward, Lock. 1901.

A foolish and vulgar book on cricket intended to be amusing. The illustrations suit the text well enough.

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for 15 June there is a singularly comprehensive article on the history of horticulture and its development among different nations, the author, M. Victor du Bled, who exhibits extraordinary industry, has succeeded in giving us perhaps the most satisfactory outline of a gigantic subject which has hitherto been published. M. Olivier furnishes an interesting account of Thiers during the elections of 1863 and sketches some of his private friendships in such a way as to give us a more pleasing conception of his character than we had hitherto entertained. M. Charnes comments in dismal foreboding on the inquisition which would follow on the imposition of an income-tax, and yet how cheerfully we support it in England where personal liberty is not supposed to be at a discount!

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

La Canzone di Garibaldi: Part III. La Notte di Caprera. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 1.50.

A distinguished Italian writer, Gabriele d'Annunzio, comes before us much changed in many respects. "La Canzone di Garibaldi" is a splendid poem, simple, robust, sonorous, vibrating with elemental melody and impregnate with elemental action. It is difficult to believe that it can have been written by the author of the sickly "Città Morta", and of so much else that offends against art, taste and morals. D'Annunzio sings of Garibaldi as though he were one of the heroes of epic. He has indeed reproduced something not unakin to a primeval myth. And it is just here that he shows his remarkable genius and invention. Taking the most exaggerated estimate of Garibaldi, it would be impossible for a moment to reckon him among Homeric heroes. The primeval hero was above all things devoted to the national religion; in d'Annunzio's epic we have a hero who calls neither upon God nor the gods. It is easy to imagine a fine modern poem on Garibaldi, a poem after the manner of Carducci or Swinburne: in no sense is it easy to imagine the story of Garibaldi invested with all the giant proportions of a prehistoric myth. But this is just what d'Annunzio has succeeded in doing, and it reveals in him a force of genius that we confess not to have detected beneath the masses of his "fleshy" poetry and the wearisome pages of his erotic romances. The "Canzone" is divided into 22 cantos of unequal length and consists of 1,004 lines. Only Part III, "La Notte di Caprera", is now published; there are six other parts to appear. D'Annunzio has also recently published an ode on the death of Verdi ("In Morte di Giuseppe Verdi." Milan: Treves. 1901. Lira 1). In this too we are glad to detect the happiest symptoms of returning health.

L'Angelo Risvegliato. By A. S. Novaro. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 3.

This is an Italian hill-top romance which is not likely to commend itself to English readers. The author is clever, but over-given to rhapsody, and sometimes it is hard to know whether he is describing the actions of his characters or their dreams. A husband and wife are devoted to each other; the wife demoralises the husband; his better nature asserts itself; she is annoyed, declares she will leave him for ever, goes to see him off at the station and—gets into the train with him instead. That, we fancy, is the awakening of the Angel. The author could do much better.

Nerone: Tragedia in V Atti. By Arrigo Boito. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 5.

At length we have the long-looked-for "Nero" of that most singular of all Italian geniuses, Arrigo Boito, and its publication

is certainly the literary event of the year. If genius be indeed the infinite capacity of taking pains, then this tragedy is a work of genius. The archaeology of it is quite surprising, superior far to the archaeology of Sienkiewics, yet we dare not say that it is overdone. The Pagan pictures are as fine and convincing a presentment in that kind as any we know; but the Christian scenes fall behind similar presentments by the author of "Quo Vadis?" And they have not the same convincing necessity. In fact Boito does not in this tragedy show in the same degree that quality which is his so peculiarly, the subtle power of interweaving, which reached its height in the libretto of Verdi's "Falstaff". "Nerone" is a mosaic of scenes; there is a pagan bit and a Christian bit; but the bits are as separate as white and coloured marble; and the tragedy fascinates rather as a presentment of wonderful scenes than as a consistent picture. The author is careful to tell us in a brief note that the book now published differs somewhat in form from the version intended for "scenic representation". That version is the libretto of an opera by Boito himself, the music of which, says popular report, is as good as finished. We hope that the many tongues of rumour are in the right. It is thirty years now since "Mefistofele" was written, and we trust that this stalwart musical genius has been gathering strength. And when this new opera is produced in England, let us hope that there will be a proper rendering of its book by one of our better poets, or what serve for poets nowadays.

Le Mistiche Nozze di San Francesco e Madonna Povertà.

Edited by Don Salvatore Minocchi. Florence: Biblioteca Scientifico-Religiosa. 1901. Lire 1.50 and 3.

Tiny in form, but of great magnitude in importance, is the little duodecimo before us. For it is nothing less than a reprint (under a new name, the choice of which we much regret) of the classic "Meditazione sulla Povertà di San Francesco", first published in 1847, and now become so scarce as to be hardly obtainable. The "Meditazione" is an exquisite allegory recounting how Francis, the son of Peter Bernardone, wooed and won the Lady of his love, that most difficult of all brides, my Lady Poverty. The allegory was written in Latin in 1227 under the title "Sacrum commercium Beati Francisci cum Domina Paupertate", but its author is unknown. The present translation (again the work of an unknown hand) was made in the fourteenth century, the "aureo secolo" of the Tuscan tongue, and it is this translation, purged of the erroneous readings strewn in the first printed edition, which Don Minocchi now publishes with a brief but interesting critical introduction. The learned editor makes an ingenious attempt to defend the traditional belief that the author of the allegory was the Blessed Giovanni da Parma, but his reasoning does not convince us. The style of the "Meditazione" is as exquisite as is its subject; it is a very model of ease and felicity, taste and simplicity, grace and concinnity, and we quite agree with Don Minocchi in rating it "per eleganza e finezza" far above the "buoni ma rudi Fioretti". "Conciossiacosachè" which irritates (the untutored foreigner, at all events) by its frequency in the "Fioretti", occurs but four or five times

(Continued on page 812.)

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in the "Meditazione", and those formidable mouthfuls "conciossocoscachè" and "conciossosediosachè" occur not once. The thanks of all philologists, of all lovers of history and literature, are due to Don Salvatore Minocchi for this scholarly edition. We could have wished that he had indicated the very numerous phrases from Holy Writ which are interwoven in the little work, and though his title is the more apt, we cannot but repeat our regret that he has thought fit to substitute it for one which had already become historical.

Il Marchese di Roccaverdina: Romanzo. By Luigi Capuana. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 4.

Powerful, that hackneyed word, is as it happens the word which most aptly describes Luigi Capuana's last book—powerful, and be it added, natural. There is power and nature in this picture of passionate Sicilian life; there is, not to be found in English fiction, a natural ecclesiastic; there is, scarcely to be found in French fiction, a natural mistress; there is, not to be found in any fiction, a natural atheist. The atheist cousin, indeed, who on a death-bed sets the religious seal upon his civil marriage and makes his peace with God, and who, getting better again, becomes just the same fatuous talkative atheist, is entirely possible and natural. But perhaps the most remarkable thing in the book is a possible and natural madman. The madness of the Marquis is a fine bit of drawing, a fine climax, a fine and natural solution of a situation with no suspicion of the *Deus ex machina*. The character-sketching is all excellent. The story is painful but not devoid of humour in parts. The reader sees at once who an unknown murderer is, yet this—an indication of strength—does not detract from the interest of the story. To all lovers of nature, power, health and strength, we cordially recommend this striking novel.

La Madonna. By Adolfo Venturi. Milan: Hoepli. 1900. Lire 40.

This work tells the story of the Madonna in art, and illustrates that story with five handsome photocalographs and 516 phototypes of unvarying merit (take note that they order these matters very admirably in Milan). The author is that Professor Adolfo Venturi, the first volume of whose history of Italian art we reviewed in our issue of 27 April last. The text is sympathetically written; the arrangement of the book handy and methodical. The Madonna is considered and presented in a series of chapters, each one devoted to some familiar aspect of her, as the Visitation, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration, the Crucifixion, the Assumption: eighteen chapters altogether, and 442 quarto pages. An index, at least of artists' names, is a want rather badly felt. It is the only fault we have to find with the book, and we are glad to learn from Signor Hoepli that an English edition of the work (not wanting the index, we hope) is to be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. Those who possess Mrs. Jameson will find in this volume a necessary supplement, and those who do not will be able to dispense with her altogether.

L'Imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata. By Gaetano Negri (Collezione Storica Villari). Milan: Hoepli. 1900. Lire 6.50.

Wherever Professor Villari's name appears our interest is immediately aroused, but we know the Senator Negri's writings and tendencies, and opened this book with faint hope of any accord with him. The book appears to be a species of apology for Julian the Apostate. Such being the case we had rather say no more about it save that its erudition is incontestable.

In Val di Nievole: Guida Illustrata. By Guido Biagi. Florence: Bemporad. 1901. Lire 2.

It is not often that a guide-book can call for review in a conspectus of literature which must necessarily be brief, but the book before us, both for its subject and the known merits of its author, deserves special mention. The Valley of the Nievole is the garden of Tuscany ("one tufted softness of fresh springing leaves", Ruskin has called it), and we suppose it to be the fairest, the richest, the most verdant piece of the husbandman's country that may be found in any corner of Europe. Brisk and busy Pescia is in the Val di Nievole, so is the Spa of Montecatini, the grotto of Monsummano, the mart of Borgo a Buggiano, the battlefield of Altopascio, the garden of the Marquis Garzoni, and the walled township of Montecarlo San Salvatore. Professor Biagi takes us through all these delightful places, and how many more, and we are grateful to our guide for his patient help and thorough chaperonage. Who that has lived awhile in Italy and acquired a struggling knowledge of the Tuscan tongue, does not reject his English ciceroni, however excellent, and betake himself instead to those numerous little local guide-books, marvels of patient research many of them, monuments of the love of home all of them? Professor Biagi, though no native of the valley, has produced a book that takes rank among these marvels and these monuments. But why has he not given us a map? He must surely know the splendid atlas of Atilio Zuccagni-Orlandini which lies before us as we write, in which the Grand Duchy is divided into its seventeen noble valleys. It was printed with much splendour at the Grand

Ducal Press so long ago as 1832, so there could be no question of copyright.

L'Apostolo: Romanzo. By Remigio Zena. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 3.50.

"Remigio Zena" is but the nom de guerre of the Marchese Gaspare Invrea, already favourably known in the Peninsula as poet and novelist. The novel under review will assuredly add to his reputation. It drags a bit at the beginning, sufficiently so to turn some readers away at the threshold: the unfortunate reviewer has not the same happy liberty of action. But we are glad to have persevered; the book works up in a spirited fashion towards the end, and indeed becomes exciting. There is a defect in much Italian fiction that is conspicuous in this book, and that is, a superabundance of dramatis personæ, characters, often well drawn, who walk on, say their say, walk off, and walk back again to say another say. They may interest the reader, but they obscure the drama and hinder its action. Still we like "L'Apostolo", and think that "Remigio Zena" is destined to do much better work.

Rivista d'Italia. Rome. May, 1901. Lire 2.

The May number of this excellent review is devoted from cover to cover to a varied miscellany of articles written entirely in honour of Giosuè Carducci, biggest of Italian poets since Leopardi, biggest perhaps of all living poets. Carducci reaches the grand climacteric on 26 July of the present year, and with the last days of 1900 he had completed his fortieth year as professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna. Hence the honour done him by the "Rivista d'Italia". Carducci has many admirers in England, and they may be glad to know that this number gives much information concerning him, and gives portraits of him from the early days of photography down to the year 1901. Distinguished Italian writers are among the contributors—Chiari, del Lungo, Giovanni Mestica, the poet Pascoli, Guido Mazzoni, Secretary to the Cruscantì—while there are a full "bibliografia Carducciana" and a number of illustrations of houses and places with which Carducci has been associated. In this connexion we may mention the publication by Zanichelli of Bologna of Chiari's "Giosuè Carducci: Impressioni e Ricordi", though we cannot review it as it has not yet been sent to us.

For This Week's Books see page 814.

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On Monday, the 23rd July, 1901, £30 per cent.;
On Wednesday, the 28th August, 1901, £30 per cent.

but the instalments may be paid in full, on or after the 8th July, under discount at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer, with Coupon attached for three months' dividend payable 1st September next, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank's Books on or after the 28th August, 1901, but Scrip paid in full, in anticipation, may be inscribed on or after the 8th July, 1901.

Applications must be on printed forms, which can be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; at the Hull Branch of the Bank of England; at all other Branches of the Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 4 Lombard Street, London, E.C. or of the City Treasurer, Town Hall, Hull.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON
21st June, 1901.

The LIST of APPLICATIONS will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 25th day of June, 1901, and will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, the 27th day of June, 1901, for both TOWN and COUNTRY.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

RICHARD DICKESON AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1900.

CAPITAL - - - - £225,000,

Divided into 25,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each (£125,000), 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each (£100,000).

The vendors will take as fully-paid 10,400 of the Ordinary shares and 5,600 of the Preference shares in part payment of the purchase price. The directors have signed the memorandum of association for the remaining 600 Ordinary shares, being their qualification as after-mentioned.

Subscriptions at par are invited for the balance, viz.:

10,400 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES

of £5 each, payable as follows:

On application, 10s. per share; on allotment, £2; one month after allotment, £3 10s. Total, £5.

DIRECTORS.—WOLDEMARE OEHME KENNETT, Market Lane, Dover, Merchant. *ALEXANDER WILLIAM PRINCE, Victoria Warehouses, Mansell Street, E., Merchant. FELIX DICKESON BOLTON, Market Lane, Dover, Merchant. *Existing members of the firm.

BANKERS.—CAPITAL AND COUNTRIES BANK (LIMITED), Threadneedle Street, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.—BUCKLER, NORMAN, AND CRISP, 11 Angel Court, London, E.C. SOLICITORS.—LINKLATER, ADDISON, BROWN, AND JONES, 2 Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C. STILWELL AND HARBV, Dover.

AUDITORS.—EVERETT AND WHIBLEY, 13 King William Street, E.C. SECRETARY AND OFFICES (*pro tem.*)—E. CHAPPELL, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, E.C.

The Preference shares are cumulative as to dividend, and preferential over the Ordinary shares as to capital; but will not in a winding up carry any right to the Surplus Assets remaining after repayment of capital. No Debentures or Debenture Stock can be created or issued without the sanction of an extraordinary resolution of a meeting of the Preference shareholders. The dividend on the Preference shares will be payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July in every year, the first payment calculated from the due dates of payment of the several instalments being made on the 1st January, 1902.

THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS ARE TAKEN FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF RICHARD DICKESON AND CO. (LIMITED): The company has been formed for the purpose of taking over as a going concern, with the exception hereafter mentioned, the well-known business of Richard Dickeson and Co., Wholesale Grocers, Provision Merchants and Military Contractors, at Dover, London, Dublin, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Aldershot, Liverpool, Gibraltar, &c. The business has been established for upwards of half a century, and additional capital has to be provided owing to the recent death of Sir Richard Dickeson, and is also required for the further extension of the business.

The company will also acquire from the executors of Sir Richard Dickeson certain freehold and leasehold premises which were formerly leased by him to the firm, and which are valued, as appears below, at £26,700.

A large and increasing wholesale business is being carried on by the firm in England and Ireland, and a very considerable export trade is done with India, Ceylon, Egypt, and various ports in the Mediterranean. The staff consists of nearly 1,000 hands and is able at short notice to cater for a large number of persons. This was evidenced on the occasion of the funeral of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, when, with only three days' notice, the firm catered satisfactorily for about 27,000 troops.

Arrangements have been made with all the principal members of the staff to remain in the service of the company.

The firm have recently opened branches in South Africa. These branches will, however, not be acquired by the company, nor have the profits made there been included by the accountants in their certificate, the vendors considering that owing to the special character of that trade through the war the result cannot be reckoned upon as a fair basis of future profits.

Messrs. J. H. Champness, Corderoy and Co., Chartered Accountants, have examined the books of the firm, and report as follows:—

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books and accounts of Richard Dickeson and Co. for the five years ending 31st December, 1900, and find that after eliminating the businesses in South Africa and the Métropole Stores, Dover, the latter of which, we understand, have been disposed of, the profits shown thereby have been as follows:—

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|---------|----|---|----------------------|---------|---|---|
| For the year 1895 .. | £13,084 | 1 | 7 | For the year 1899 .. | £17,357 | 2 | 5 |
| Do. 1897 .. | 13,079 | 16 | 2 | Do. 1900 .. | 35,753 | 3 | 5 |
| Do. 1898 .. | 14,619 | 16 | 2 | | | | |

These profits have been arrived at before charging Income-tax and interest on loans, or on partners' capital, but after writing off all expenses, including repairs, and what in our opinion is an amply sufficient charge for maintenance and depreciation, but excluding the rentals of the freehold premises at Dover, and Aldershot, which it is proposed the company about to be formed shall purchase from the executors of the late Sir Richard Dickeson.

Yours faithfully,
J. H. CHAMPNESS, CORDEROY, and Co.

The large increase in the profits during 1900 over the previous years was caused by a general extension of the business of the firm, the turnover being more than doubled, and during the present year further branches have been established, and the vendors see no reason why the profits should not be maintained at the level of 1900. Up to this date the returns show an increase compared with the corresponding period last year.

| | | | |
|---|---------|----|----|
| The average annual profit shown above is .. | £18,778 | 15 | 11 |
| Interest on Preference shares will require .. | 7,500 | 0 | 0 |

Leaving for directors' fees, reserve, and dividends on Ordinary shares .. £11,278 15 11

The company will acquire the following assets free from encumbrances:

Stock-in-trade, &c., as valued by Everett & Whibley, Valuers, at or under cost price .. £65,122 15 0

Utensils-in-trade, fixtures, horses, and carts, valued by Everett & Whibley .. 17,659 10 0

Freehold and leasehold premises, as valued by Worfold & Hayward, of Dover .. 26,700 0 0

Sundry loans and shares, as on 31st December, 1900 .. 2,625 0 0

To which there should be added the additional working capital to be provided by the present issue .. £113,147 5 0

Thereby increasing the assets, exclusive of goodwill, to .. £163,147 5 0

Messrs. Kennett & Prince, who have had the active management of the business for some years past, have agreed to serve as directors and managers of the company for seven years from the date of incorporation.

The originals of copies of all the contracts mentioned in the prospectus, and a copy of the memorandum and articles of association of the company, may be seen at the offices of the company's solicitors at any time between two and four o'clock on any day before the subscription list is closed.

A brokerage of 1s. per share will be paid by the company on shares allotted in respect of applications made on forms bearing a broker's stamp.

It is intended that an application shall be made in due course to the committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement in and a quotation of the Preference shares.

The minimum subscription on which the directors will proceed to allotment is the whole of the Preference shares now offered for subscription.

The full prospectus, on which alone applications for shares will be received, can be obtained at the offices of the company, and of the bankers and brokers.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED on WEDNESDAY, the 26th inst., at Four o'clock, for both Town and Country.

The minimum Subscription of 50,000 Shares having been guaranteed, the Directors will proceed to allotment on the closing of the list. The Full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies.

WHINANARFU, Limited

(WASSAU DISTRICT, GOLD COAST COLONY).

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL - - - - £150,000

In 150,000 Shares of £1 each.

For purchase consideration, preliminary expenses, underwriting } Cash £25,000
commission, brokerage, &c. } Shares 75,000

For working capital £100,000
50,000

£150,000

The GOLD COAST and ASHANTI EXPLORERS, Limited, INVITE SUBSCRIPTIONS for 75,000 Shares at par, which include the 50,000 Shares for working capital. Payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, 2s. 6d. one month after Allotment, and the balance when required in calls not exceeding 5s. per Share, at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH SIMPSON, No. 74 Dashwood House, London, E.C.) Directors of the Gold Coast and
CHARLES WALLINGTON, Esq., F.C.A.,) Ashanti Explorers (Limited).
4 Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.
LEONARD MACARTHUR, Esq., 6 Dean Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, shipowner.
RICHARD MOXON, Esq., 34 Holland Park, W., Director of John F. Betz & Son (Limited).

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANK (LIMITED), 77 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

Messrs. JOHN GIBBS, SON & Co., 29 Cornhill, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Messrs. MEWBURN & BARKER, 13 Pall Mall, and Stock Exchange, Manchester.

CONSULTING MINING ENGINEER.

R. H. WILLIAMS, Esq., F.R.G.S., M.E., 25 Budge Row, London, E.C.

AGENTS.

Messrs. PICKERING & BERTHOUD, Manchester, Liverpool, and Cape Coast Castle.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. PARKER & RICHARDSON, Finsbury House, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

H. T. HALLAMORE, 15 Copthall Avenue, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed as a parent Company by the Gold Coast and Ashanti Explorers (Limited), to acquire and prospect the Concession, held for 99 years, from September, 1894, of the property known as "Whinanarfu," situate on the river Whin, in the district of Wassau, Gold Coast Colony.

The property is said to be about nine miles from the coast, and its area is stated in the lease to be about 20 by 12 miles (240 square miles), and is thus described:—

"That piece of land measuring about 20 miles from North to South by about 12 miles from East to West (more or less), situate in the district of Wassau, bounded on the North by Adomano village, on the South by Waindu property, on the East by Seconde Side, and on the West by Bamsue property, and more particularly delineated in the plan hereto annexed."

The Lease forming the title to the property having been granted prior to the 10th October, 1895, is, in addition to other privileges, exempt from the limitations in area imposed by the Concessions Ordinance, 1900, Sec. 19, in respect of Concessions of a later date.

The reports of Mr. R. H. Williams, M.E., F.R.G.S., Mr. R. G. Rogerson, C. and M.E., F.R.G.S., Mr. W. Shaw Duncan, M.E., C.E., and Mr. Alexander Donald Cairns, accompany the full prospectus.

A competent staff of English Mining Engineers, fully equipped, will be despatched to Whinanarfu as soon as practicable to prospect the property, and in needful extent to open up mining blocks with a view to their re-sale to separate Mining Companies, to be formed for working them with adequate working capital.

For particulars required by the Companies Act, 1900 (including contracts), see full prospectus.

Subscriptions for shares are not invited upon this abridged advertisement, but full Prospectuses and Forms of Application and copies of the reports above referred to can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

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